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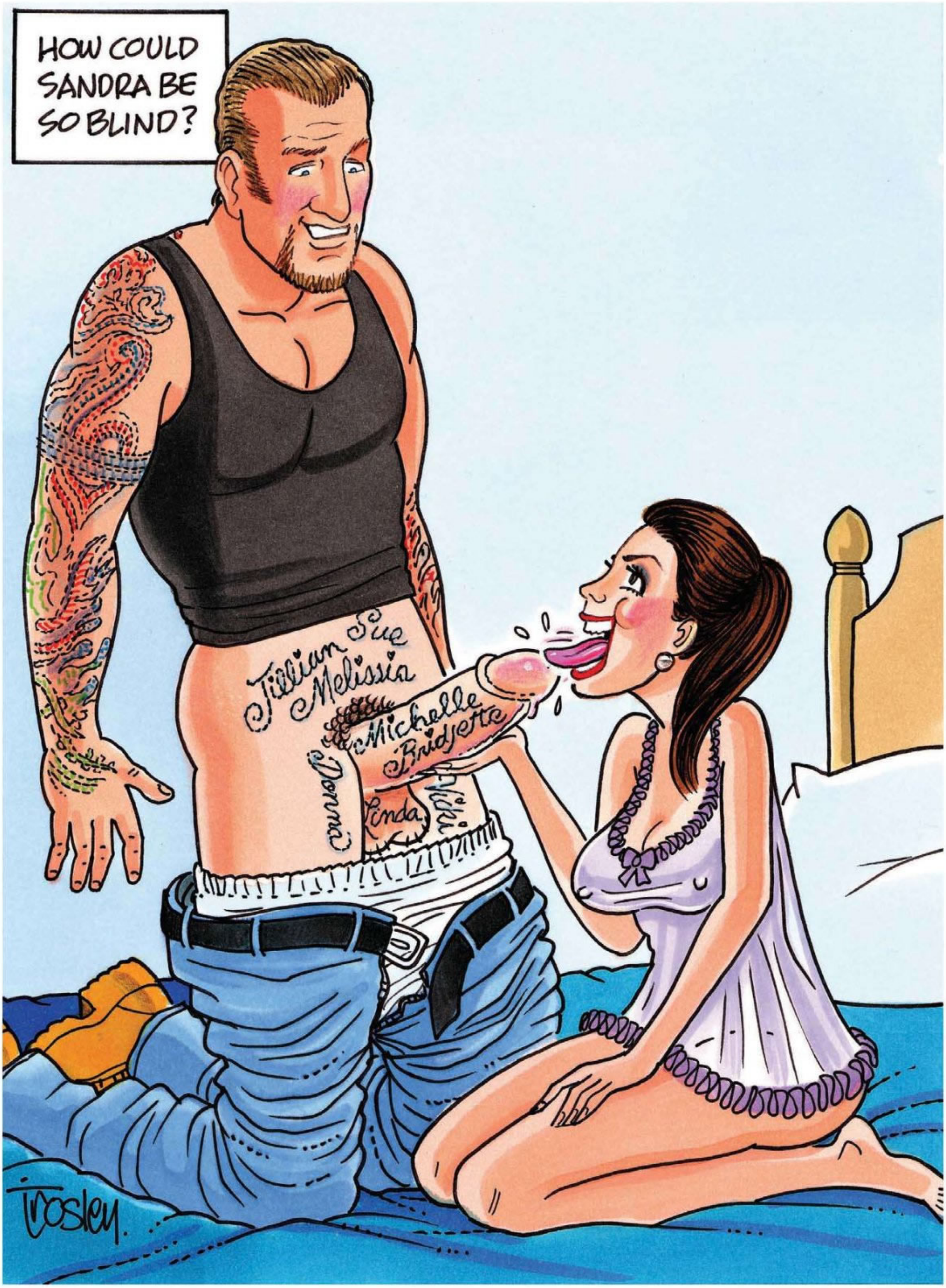
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LEGALIZE MARIJUANA!

This November, California voters will find a ballot initiative calling for the legalization of marijuana. If it passes, California will become the first state in the Union to make pot legal. In my opinion, marijuana should never have been outlawed in the first place.

California prisons are already choked with people convicted of marijuana-related crimes. How much sense does that make, especially given the cost of housing and feeding them at a time when the state is broke?

In that regard, taxing the sale of legal marijuana will go a long way toward solving California's crushing budget crisis. This is a no-brainer. Let's make the damn plant legal. And I strongly urge the other 49 states to do likewise.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

LADIES, DON'T ASK THE QUESTION IF YOU'RE NOT READY FOR THE ANSWER

HONEY, DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT YOUR OLD GIRLFRIENDS WHEN WE MAKE LOVE ?

EVERY FUCKIN' TIME.

Ciao

J. Billmeier

ROCK SOLID

You need a Bluetooth headset to talk on your phone while you drive. Although it's the law now in damn near every state, we know you hate having that piece of plastic jutting in your face. If so, then the new **Jabra Stone** is for you. This compact and sleek Bluetooth headset's advanced microphone technology eliminates the need for any annoying mouthpiece.

The **Jabra Stone** features touch volume control, Noise Blackout Extreme technology and a portable charging unit. Plus it weighs a mere quarter-ounce, making it one of the most lightweight Bluetooth headsets on the market today. Isn't it time you got stoned?

Available at ***Jabra.com*** or ***ATT.com***. Suggested retail price: $129.99.

GOOD-LOOKING EARS

Over-the-ears headphones have evolved from clunky monstrosities with heavy cords to sleek, stylish affairs. **Urbanears** has taken listening to a whole new level by launching a line of designer headphones. And yes, the sound that's delivered is as good as they look. Besides boasting a 40mm handmade driver unit and a max input power of 40 megawatts, they are offered in a large variety of colors, including red, blue, gray and even white (for you purists).

Thanks to a built-in microphone and remote control, **Urbanears** can be used with your iPhone, Blackberry or other PDAs. Plus, if you want to share your music with a friend, an innovative Zound Plug is located in the ear cap. And, damn, those **Urbanears** look good.

Available at **KarmaLoop.com**. Suggested retail price: $59.99.

STICKIN' IT OLD SCHOOL

Remember the Atari 2600? Back in the 1980s it was the first real home video game console. The Atari 2600 was the one with the wood-veneer casing, groundbreaking joystick and clunky cartridges that millions of people worldwide fell in love with. Now you'll be able to play some of Atari's most popular 8-bit titles minus those obsolete carts. The recently rereleased **Jakks Atari Classics 10 In 1 TV Video Games** packs *Adventure*, *Asteroids*, *Breakout*, *Centipede*, *Circus Atari*, *Gravitar*, *Missile Command*, *Pong*, *Real Sports Volleyball* and *Yars' Revenge* into an Atari 2600 joystick replica. Just plug and play. (All you need is a TV.)

Available at ***JakksPacific.com***. Suggested retail price: $19.99.

COMPUTER LOVE

You love your PC. You spend hours sitting in front of it watching…well, we know what you're watching. Wouldn't it be better if you had a laptop you could take anywhere? Meet the **ViewSonic ViewBook Pro**, a compact, 13.3-inch, space-saving, low-energy mobile computer packed with enough power to run Word, PowerPoint, Excel and the other common programs. Plus you get full PC function—USB ports, wireless, VGA connector—anywhere.

The sleek unit also features a 10.1-inch WSVGA TFT LCD, an Intel Atom 1.6 GHz processor, 1GB DDR2 SDRAM, a 10/100 Ethernet connection, not to mention a Webcam, six hours of battery life and Windows 7 Starter OS.

The best part is you have a chance to win one. That's right. We're giving away a **ViewBook Pro** laptop. (See details below.)

Available at ***ViewSonic.com***. Suggested retail price: $949.

Win a free laptop! We said laptop, not lap dance!

For your chance to win a ViewSonic ViewBook Pro laptop computer, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to ViewSonic Laptop Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*.

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

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Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other _____

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

RETURN TO RAPTURE

BioShock 2

2K

PS3

Welcome back to Rapture ten years after the events in the original ***BioShock*** game. You have to race through the now-crumbling underwater city to confront the Big Sisters, who have been kidnapping little girls from around the world. How will you destroy these evil bitches? We're not sure, but the fact that you can now step into the iconic character "Big Daddy" should help.

READY TO RUMBLE?

Dead to Rights: Retribution

Bandai Namco

Xbox 360, PS3

Are you really ready to step back into the shoes of vice cop Jack Slate? Do you think you have the guts to face an army of shadowy figures in some of the most brutal and bloody battles ever found in a video game? Can you handle fast-paced gunplay and intense hand-to-hand combat? If you think so, then it's time to take back Grant City in the neo-noir thriller ***Dead to Rights: Retribution***. The good thing is you won't be alone: You'll have your canine sidekick Shadow with you. Remember, this dog is more than man's best friend; he's a demonic killing machine.

WAR LORDS

Battlefield Bad Company 2

EA

Xbox 360, PS3

The latest installment of the *Battlefield* franchise doesn't just improve the simulated combat experience. It's reinvented thanks to the most realistic gunplay and immersive action seen in a war game to date! The new land, sea and air vehicles make ***Battlefield Bad Company 2*** a destructive blast of fun in single-player mode, but the game really explodes when you take it online to play along with a squadron of fellow soldiers. The only downside is you may need to see a shrink to treat your post-traumatic stress syndrome.

PUZZLE ME

Tetris Party Deluxe

Majesco

Wii, Nintendo DS

To celebrate the 25th anniversary of the world's most popular puzzle game, Majesco has enhanced its gameplay for the Wii and DS systems. ***Tetris Party Deluxe*** features 20 exciting modes of puzzling play and block-stacking fun. Fans new and old will love using the updated Wii remotes and balance board to really get into the action.

THE UNITED STATES OF GOLDMAN SACHS

THE INVESTMENT FIRM'S DOMINATION OF GOVERNMENT BANKING POLICY GREEN-LIGHTED DISASTER.

Goldman Sachs is right to claim innocence of any charges, criminal or civil, that the government brings against the financial conglomerate for banking fraud. Of course the firm is innocent, no matter the ugly facts of its hustling the unsuspecting, from New York to Athens and many other points worldwide. Sure, its CEO, Lloyd Blankfein, was paid $68 million in 2007, the year Goldman bet against its own customers with those phony "synthetic" derivatives. But you'd better believe it was all legal.

How could it be otherwise when Goldman got to help write the laws governing the selling of derivatives and other key aspects of financial deregulation that allowed it to grow too big to fail and thus be eligible for generous government bailouts? Its lobbyists, one of whom got to be chief of staff in the Obama Treasury Department, were the leaders in getting the government to make the regulations Goldman-friendly. If convicted of anything, Goldman's wiseguys have a right to the outrage of handcuffed Mafia bosses in the bad old days when they felt betrayed by judges and legislators they assumed had been properly bought.

That's more than a wild rhetorical point. The massive bank-lobbying effort that Goldman's big bucks helped pay for forced through the radical deregulation that ended effective government supervision of the big investment banks and resulted in the banking debacle that wiped out the home ownership and jobs of tens of millions of people worldwide. Under the presidencies of Bill Clinton and George W. Bush, when laws enacted during the Great Depression were made moot, the Treasury Department was practically a subsidiary of Goldman Sachs.

It was the most blatant takeover of the government by one firm in American history. Clinton named former Goldman Sachs Vice-Chairman Robert Rubin to be his Treasury secretary, and Bush did the same giveaway of power when he named Goldman Chairman Henry Paulson to fill that post in his administration. Goldman's total domination of the Bush Administration's banking policy was so widespread that the *New York Times* ran an article headlined "The Guys From Government Sachs."

As the *Times* story pointed out, "Goldman's presence in the [Treasury] department and around the federal response to the financial bailout is so ubiquitous that other bankers and competitors have given the star-studded firm a new nickname: Government Sachs."

When laws enacted during the Great Depression were made moot, the Treasury Department became practically a subsidiary of Goldman Sachs.

Ex-Goldman CEO-turned-Treasury Secretary Paulson had an eager accomplice in Timothy Geithner, who was serving as head of the New York Fed before he replaced Paulson at Treasury in the Obama Administration. While at the New York Fed, it was Geithner who presided over the shameful payouts of taxpayer dollars to Goldman, as well as facilitating its overnight transformation into a bank holding company eligible for access to low-interest borrowing from the Fed and other profitable favors. If that privilege had been granted to Lehman Brothers, the company would still be with us instead of having disappeared through bankruptcy.

The closeness of the Geithner-Goldman connection was underscored by a *Wall Street Journal* report that concluded: "The Federal Reserve Bank of New York shaped Washington's response to the financial crisis last year [2008], which buoyed Goldman Sachs Group Inc. and other Wall Street firms. Goldman received speedy approval to become a bank holding company in September and a $10 billion capital injection soon after."

With friends like that running Washington's oversight of Wall Street, it's no wonder that Goldman traders got a bit wild in their greed and that the firm's top leaders gave them the green light to milk the system and, ultimately, we taxpayers for all it was worth. CEO Blankfein would later claim in testimony before a Senate committee that he "did not know" the details of those trades, but if that is true, it is obviously because he didn't *want* to know as long as the money was pouring in.

The synthetic deals now at the heart of various lawsuits against Goldman would have smelled rotten to an experienced trader like Blankfein if he had paid scant attention to the derivatives packages that his company's own internal e-mails described as "a shitty deal" and "a piece of crap" for the suckers buying them from Goldman. He didn't have to care, because those deals were expected to go sour. Goldman bet on that outcome even as it failed to inform its customers of that likely result.

When the Mafia played those kinds of games, it was called "loan-sharking," and the Mafiosi were put away behind bars for long stretches. But they didn't have the right lobbyists and their own shills on the inside of the federal government. Not so the guys from Government Sachs, who are never going to require the services of the Witness Protection Program.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

"Wait just a fucking minute! If I give up my Social Security, Medicare, veterans benefits, public schools, public highways and my military protection, I won't have shit!"

OBAMA CANNOT ERASE HISTORY

OUR NEW REGIME KEEPS THE TORTURE DEBACLE ALIVE.

President Obama, in February 2009, spoke harshly of the Bush-Cheney torture policy as "a dark and painful chapter in our history." But he dismissed any punishment of those accountable because "nothing will be gained by spending our time and energy laying blame for the past."

The past, however, is gaining on us. The dark stain is deepening and spreading as the survivors of CIA "dark sites" (secret prisons) and "renditions" (being sent to other countries to be tortured) are telling their stories. Obama has continued those "renditions" under CIA chief Leon Panetta. And the global extent of that torture policy has now been revealed by investigative reporter Sherwood Ross's online article "More Than Two-Dozen Countries Complicit in U.S. Torture Program" (PubRecord.org/Torture).

Ross documents how the U.S. has poisoned the intelligence services of—among other committers of war crimes—Pakistan, Morocco, Kenya, Lithuania, Saudi Arabia and even South Africa. Remember when the United States was known around the world as a beacon of "government by laws, not men"?

And, in a historic ruling on March 5, 2010, Federal Judge Wayne R. Andersen in Chicago allowed, for the first time, the continuance of a lawsuit accusing a very high-level Bush official of harsh treatment verging on torture along with other egregious offenses: *Donald Vance and Nathan Ertel* v. *Donald Rumsfeld, United States of America and Unidentified Agents*. (Plaintiffs Vance and Ertel are American citizens who informed the FBI about suspicious activities of their employer, a private security firm in Iraq. Surprisingly, the two whistle-blowers were detained at a notorious U.S. military prison camp, and they eventually filed suit against Rumsfeld et al. in response to their allegedly nightmarish ordeal.)

If upheld by the Supreme Court, this lawsuit could lead to others filed by torture victims—whether U.S. citizens or not—against officials up the chain of command.

For a meticulously detailed prospectus of the case against the former secretary of defense—and a number of his high-level colleagues—see *The Trial of Donald Rumsfeld: A Prosecution by Book*. It was written by Michael Ratner, president of the Center for Constitutional Rights, whose lawyers have represented suspected terrorists at Guantanamo and elsewhere.

When Obama spoke bluntly about "the dark and painful chapter in our history"—brutally written by his predecessors—he pledged that those "interrogation techniques" would never be used again. But, as I have reported in HUSTLER, some are still being used as Obama continues more and more of "the dark side" of the previous administration.

According to a 2009 *USA Today*/Gallup Poll, "almost two-thirds favor investigations of the Bush team for torture and warrantless wiretapping."

Also, human rights organizations here and around the world have not forgotten the Supreme Court's decision in *Hamdan* v. *Rumsfeld* (2006). It severely instructed the Bush high command that the military commissions they invented outside U.S. and international law utterly fail "all the judicial guarantees recognized as *indispensable by civilized persons*" (emphasis added).

Nevertheless, President Obama is continuing his version of those military commissions and also intends to indefinitely imprison suspects who cannot be tried in our courts because the purported evidence against them was extracted by torture. (By uncivilized persons?)

Does our citizenry join Obama in agreeing not to place "blame for the past"? According to a 2009 *USA Today*/Gallup Poll, "almost two-thirds favor investigations of the Bush team for torture and warrantless wiretapping." Nearly four in ten favor criminal investigations. However, no one up high has yet to be held criminally accountable, so it will be increasingly difficult for our civilian courts and certain members of Congress to ignore the stinking rot corroding our weakening rule of law. Obama cannot erase history.

To be ready for the fateful day when an independent investigation of American war crimes begins, I recommend Marcy Wheeler's scorecard "The 13 People Who Made Torture Possible" (Salon.com, May 18, 2009). I can validate—from my own personal reporting and book *The War on the Bill of Rights and the Continuing Resistance*—the accuracy of Marcy Wheeler's list. I've been on this case since December 2001.

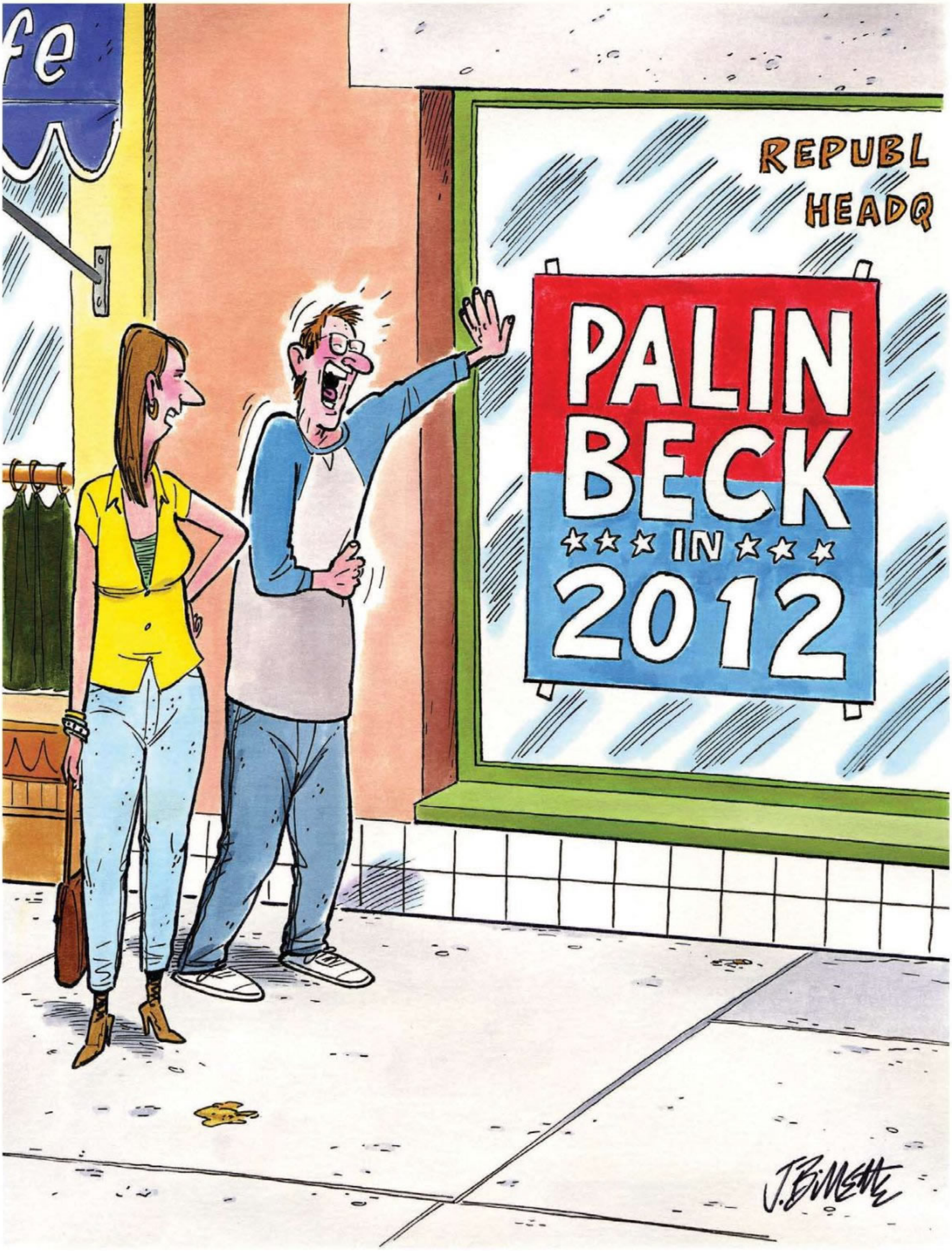
Of course, the Torture 13 includes George W. Bush. His November 13, 2001, Military Order set up military commissions and commanded that the commissions (as well as CIA and other interrogators) be given license to operate on the dark side because "it is not practicable to apply…the principles of law and the rules of evidence generally recognized in the trial of criminal cases in the United States." Or, as the Supreme Court later ruled, techniques "not recognized by civilized persons."

Also making the list are such familiar beneficiaries of the Bush military order as Rumsfeld; John Yoo; Alberto Gonzales; Dick Cheney and his harder-than-steel counsel, David Addington; former CIA Director George Tenet; the nimble Condoleezza Rice; and former Defense Department general counsel William Haynes (who had Rumsfeld's ear) and disdained complaints by armed services lawyers that he was legitimizing techniques that "cross the line of 'humane' treatment."

When Haynes was later rewarded by Bush with a proposed seat on a federal Court of Appeals, he was denied the judgeship by the Senate because of his important role in America's "dark and painful chapter," which remains open-ended as I write.

Well, at least someone way up high was punished, sort of. Also on the list is Steven Bradbury of the Justice Department. Even after Khalid Sheikh Mohammed was waterboarded 183 times, Bradbury refused to consider the interrogation technique to be torture. While at the Justice Department, Bradbury received the Secretary of Defense Medal for Outstanding Public Service!

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*



"Don't laugh! Remember, this country elected George W. Bush…twice!"

A TIGER BY THE TAIL

YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT SEX IS ADDICTIVE. IT WAS DESIGNED TO BE.

What's the big deal with Tiger Woods? His only mistake was getting married. If not for that, everybody would be giving Tiger high fives and proclaiming him one of the greatest cocksmen of all time.

For those who have had their head up their ass for the past year, the world's greatest golfer was found cheating on his wife—not once but, well, numerous times. Somehow America was amazed that a sports figure was banging waitresses as if ordering hamburgers. Oh, sure, there was a porn star or two…or three, but for the most part they were blondes of no great distinction.

The country was transfixed by the story and, even worse, judgmental about it. Apparently people get pissed when somebody is having more fun than they are.

The scenario played itself out as you'd expect. First the denial, then the silence, followed by the obligatory press conference. In most cases the dutiful wife stands by her man, but thank God, not Tiger's. She was at the mall, on vacation and with the kids at the Sea World Shamu show—everywhere but at his side. I suppose she didn't want to appear to be an "Eliot Spitzer wife" redux.

We love to elevate our heroes, and when they falter, we revel in pulling them down. But this is only a case of fucking, and if fucking isn't a perk of playing great golf, what is? Going to Disneyland?

During his press conference, Tiger mentioned he had felt the sex was something he deserved. Too bad he said it with remorse. I would have cheered him if he hadn't. Nothing makes a man play a better round of golf—or baseball, football, tennis, you name it—than knowing there will be a nice long blowjob when it's over.

Tiger Woods isn't the exception but the rule, joining a long list of scoundrels. The worst has to be John Edwards, who had a pretty good shot at being President and now has an excellent shot at being an all-time scumbag. Not satisfied with fucking someone other than his cancer-ridden wife, he also managed to get the bimbo pregnant. Topping that off, Edwards attempted a coverup while running for the highest office in the land. This idiot actually thought he could get away with it.

Since Edwards was my choice, he made me feel like an asshole. Under normal circumstances I would have passed this behavior off with the wave of a hand, but if he had gotten the nomination, the scandal would have cost the Democrats the 2008 election.

Then there's the case of Eliot Spitzer. Before becoming governor of New York, he was a state attorney general who fought prostitution, among other things. As you know, he consorted with a high-priced call girl. To show you how time changes things, Spitzer's former paramour is now a romance advice columnist for the *New York Post*, and he's thinking of running for office again. Someone once said that "with time even whores and politicians get respectability."

Most recently Sandra Bullock's husband, motorcycle enthusiast Jesse James, had his fall from grace. Seems this tattooed gearhead rubbed uglies with an overly inked stripper who was more his type than "America's Sweetheart." It was in the cards. James used to be married to porn star Janine Lindemulder before he hitched up with the flat-chested, geeky-looking Sandra. Come on, for a wild fuck, which one would *you* take?

Guys do these things because we're guys. We're meant to inseminate the herd. It's very hard for us to pass on pussy. And guys like Woods, Edwards and Spitzer aren't just offered pussy; they're offered GREAT PUSSY. The more wealthy and famous you are, the better the pussy. Do we really expect them to be saints? Given the same temptation, we would all follow in their footsteps.

The list of recanting wayward Romeos gets longer and longer. Most wind up in rehab, pursuing the redemption needed to save a marriage or resuscitate a career. Do these cheaters believe what they learn in rehab? Probably not!

In the meantime these transgressions are exploited by the print and TV tabloids. Publicity whore Dr. Drew Pinsky is always lurking nearby to give his questionable takes on dalliance as an addiction. The whole addiction thing is bullshit! It just exists to make guys like Pinsky a fast buck.

Why do we become preoccupied with these stories? Would they even come to light if we didn't have a hunger for them? Or would they simply remain a private matter, as they should? In the final analysis these affairs are none of our fucking business!

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

WHAT WE ARE DOING HERE IS EXERCISING OUR RIGHT TO SELECT PARTICULAR POLITICIANS THAT HAVE ALREADY BEEN BOUGHT AND PAID FOR BY BIG BUSINESS.
SO THIS WHOLE VOTING THING IS A SHAM? SHIT, I FEEL KINDA FOOLISH!
THANK YOU, SUPREME COURT!
DAMN, WISH I COULD AFFORD A POLITICIAN!
POLLING PLACE
J.B. Williams

OH NO! MY WIFE AND MY GIRLFRIEND!

PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

THE POWER BEHIND THE FANTASY

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE SEXES IS OVER. GUESS WHO WON.

"Feminism has tried to dismiss the femme fatale as a misogynist label, a hoary cliché. But the femme fatale expresses women's ancient and eternal control of the sexual realm. The specter of the femme fatale stalks all men's relations with women."

—Camille Paglia

Men live in a James Bond fantasy world. You are this handsome action-hero type and, in between gunfights and car chases, nubile females keep shouldering each other out of the way to sleep with you. It is all you can do to deal with this swarm of sexy girls who are anxious to receive your great masculine gift.

Eventually you wake up and find yourself alone in front of the TV eating Cheetos, but the dream is shared by every male since single-celled creatures grew gonads and the boys separated from the girls. When boy protozoans sprouted balls, girl protozoans looked down at their coochies and thought, *If this thing is going to get that much attention, it could be very useful.*

Thus began the ancient dance of the sexes in which men pretend to control the sexual exchange through strength and aggression, even as women assert complete control over when, where, how and with whom the fucking occurs.

Through control of sex, women control virtually everything else. This is a source of great fear and consternation among men. At best it results in harmless Henny Youngman-style jokes. ("Take my wife. Please!") At worst it results in rape, torture, murder and war.

A bunch of years ago I starred in a movie musical with Jeanne Crain and George Nader titled *The Second Greatest Sex*. It was an adaptation of Aristophanes' play *Lysistrata*, in which the women of ancient Greece, weary of losing their sons and husbands in the Peloponnesian War, decide to withhold sex until the men stopped fighting. Our version of the play, a Western set in Kansas, was downright seditious for a Universal movie in 1955. The war in Korea and Joe McCarthy's rants about Communist spies were still recent memories, and President Dwight Eisenhower had begun sending "advisers" to Vietnam.

The Second Greatest Sex wasn't as funny as *Lysistrata*, though being pregnant with my son Perry and barfing myself silly with morning sickness may have warped my memory of it. *Lysistrata* is pure subversive comedic theater—so sexy and hilarious, you barely notice the message that Pussy Power could, if women would only band together, work miracles.

If we put our collective, worldwide vaginal energies together, nothing would be beyond our reach. Pussy Power would end the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq; shut down the fundamentalist sects of Christianity, Judaism and Islam; humanize our totalitarian corporate state; establish universal healthcare; end hunger and homelessness; and force Häagen-Dazs to produce an endless supply of chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream.

Some years back I was going to an old-timers game with my longtime pal, former Los Angeles Angels pitcher Dean Chance. Dean, the late Bo Belinsky and I were a nearly inseparable trio for a few years. The 6-foot-3 Cy Young Award-winner was a great hulk of a nice guy who nonetheless made batters fear him.

Dean and I were walking across the Angel Stadium parking lot when a young boy approached with a baseball for him to sign. Dean shooed the kid away and kept walking. I took the ball from the boy and stopped Dean. "Here," I said, holding the ball in front of his nose, "sign it."

"Mamie, I get money for signing those things," he grumbled.

"Sign the fucking ball!"

Dean scribbled his name on the ball and handed it back to the boy. As we continued walking toward the stadium, he growled, "Only for you, Mamie."

Dean thought he was doing it for me, but he was really doing it for Pussy Power.

I know you boys find the idea of Pussy Power troublesome. It goes against your antediluvian macho mind-set. Somewhere in your head there is a caveman exhorting you to make that bitch do what she's told. But admit it, guys: By the time you think you've got her figured out, she's already miles ahead of you, tugging on the silk string she put around your nuts.

Oh, and one other thing: She's nearly always right.

Mamie Van Doren, who starred in such films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*, chronicles her amazing life at **MamieVanDoren.com**.

DOUBLE FEATURE!

HUSTLER® invites you to the movies

HUSTLER VIDEO

HustlerHollywood.com

Fed Up

I thought *The Federal Reserve for Dummies* [July '10] was a decent look at how the Fed came to be. Since we're stuck with the Fed for now, we should be pushing it to include full employment in its mandate. The way it is now, all it focuses on is curbing inflation.

As I write this, Obama has just nominated three people to fill empty seats on the Fed's Board of Governors. They're supposedly pro-employment activists, but two of them [Janet Yelen and Sarah Bloom Raskin] are Fed system insiders, while the third [Peter A. Diamond] is an academic economist who most likely sees people as numbers on a graph.

New blood is good, but I remain skeptical that the Fed will ever truly work in our interest. **—T.D.**
Atlanta, Georgia

Elephant in the Sky

I was glad to see your article *Chemtrails: What Is the Government Up To?* [June '10], even if it didn't contain irrefutable evidence I could use to convince my debunker friends that chemtrails exist.

I live in Southern California, and it always mystifies me how one day the sky can be filled with long, lingering cloudy airplane trails and the next day nothing—despite the same weather conditions and presumably the same amount of air traffic. What did they do, suddenly retrofit the planes for no emissions?

I have an open mind, and I'm not an engineer or meteorologist, so I've honestly asked people to explain chemtrails to me. Until now, no one has been able to. **—K.Y.**
San Diego, California

Call of the Wild

Thanks for the photo-feature *Tiger Woods' XXX Mistresses* [April '10]. I don't blame the golfer for getting his kicks with porn chicks. Like I always say: If you want something done right, get a professional!

I'd love to see a scientific article showing that, far from doing anything wrong, Tiger Woods is just a normal male. The whole idea of one man, one woman goes against human evolution. Men are not monogamist, regardless of whether they practice monogamy or not. Women may have a mild tendency toward monogamy but are quite capable of promiscuity.

It's all designed to ensure the survival of the species. Tiger Woods is simply following the natural imperative. After all, evolution is what created great athletes in the first place! **—Jon Root**
Kirkland, Washington

Turn to page 15 for columnist Alex Bennett's take on the topic.

Tea Leaves

I appreciated Larry Flynt's editorial "A Message to the Tea Party Movement" [July '10], but I predict it will fall on deaf ears. The tea partiers I've dealt with are plugged into a fantasy of traditional American supremacy. For them, unfettered capitalism and greed are as American as apple pie.

If you think about it, they've got a point: America from the start was an exploitative enterprise. The colonies were outposts of a looting British Empire. After independence, the U.S. was run by merchants and plantation owners. Wasn't it Calvin Coolidge who said, "The business of America is business"?

There are two kinds of people in this country: con men and suckers. Pulling off the great con is a deep psychological fantasy that most Americans share. That's why we let the bankers get away with it.

Who's left for people to direct their anger at? The less fortunate and the government. And that's mostly who tea partiers attack. In psychology it's called pinning the blame on a scapegoat. Until we get out of the psychological trap of seeing the world as a movie in which we root for the criminals, we'll never get out of the vicious cycle of greed and anger. **—S.H.**
Cleveland, Ohio

Jana Cova: one more parting shot.

Lucky Streak

Real College Girl Ruby [May '10] from Guilford College in Greensboro, North Carolina, was a welcome sight. I always thought that women in NC were not willing to take off their clothes, ever. I'll now walk the streets of my state with new eyes. Maybe I'll even catch a glimpse of Ruby "running around naked." **—Mike Breedlove**
McLeansville, North Carolina

Ass Man

Tell Larry it's a good thing he has people who know how to pick hot women, because that is the only thing that kept me interested in your magazine for a year. If he didn't have so much bullshit in the political columns, I'd have renewed my subscription.

Larry should stick to women and leave the politics to someone who doesn't have his head so far up his ass he can't see what's going on around him. **—Walter R. Simons**
Peoria, Arizona

Czech Bounced

Jana Cova leaving porn? [*Parting Shots*, July '10]. My guess is her visa ran out. (It happened to her before.) Well, the porn industry in the Czech Republic is huge too, and they have a public healthcare option. Good luck, Jana! **—J.M.**
Rochester, New York

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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(Because our employees keep dying on us.)

Here at Massey Energy we are always looking for strong men willing to take up the challenge. We aren't going to kid you: Coal mining is a brutal job. You'll be doing backbreaking labor in cramped confines miles underground. And there's a good chance you might die. Actually, judging by our recent track record, you most likely *will* die. But you'll never find a better-paying job in the woods where you live. And if you're killed because of our lax safety procedures, your family will collect a pretty good settlement (for expendable coal miners).

Take some time to think about it. There'll always be a place for you here.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is political commentary on how greed motivated the Massey Energy Company and CEO Don Blankenship to cut corners, causing the deaths of 29 coal miners at its Upper Big Branch mine. For more info check out **Blogs.WVGazette.com/CoalTattoo**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

POPE BENEDICT XVI

Poor Pope Benedict! How dare the press hound you the way they've been doing?! All you really did was protect Mother Church! So what if a couple of hundred deaf kids got schtupped up the ass by a pedophile priest? So what if you allowed another priest to continue working with children for years after being informed that he was sexually abusing them? The Church is more important than a bunch of whiny kids, isn't it?

That's certainly what you suggested back in 1985, according to a recently uncovered letter written when you were still Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger. In it you stated that the "good of the universal church" should be considered against the defrocking of an American pedophile priest who had had sex with two boys. Who could argue with that? Fuck the kids! Literally!

Of course, referring to these stories as "petty gossip" may not have been the wisest move. After all, a lot of people think—for some strange reason—that raping young children is a serious crime, not something you'd normally refer to as "petty." Then again, you are infallible, right? You're in direct communication with God. So if he told you to say it, well, who are we to argue? Btw, Your Assholiness, is God a child-fucker too? (Just askin'.)

You know, things might not be so rocky for the Roman Catholic Church if you didn't have a bunch of screwballs working under you, sir. Like that Italian exorcist guy, Father Gabriele Amorth, who claims the devil is responsible for media coverage of the sex-abuse scandal. "There is no doubt about it," Amorth told the Catholic News Agency. "Because [Benedict XVI] is a marvelous pope and worthy successor to John Paul II, it is clear that the devil wants to 'grab hold' of him." Amorth also said "the devil wants the death of the Church because she is the mother of all the saints."

And what's this about the Jews being to blame for your problems, Benny? According to the April 3, 2010, edition of the *New York Times*, "Last week the [Peruvian] center-left daily newspaper *La Republica* wrote, without attribution, that certain Catholic circles believed the criticism of the Church stemmed from a New York 'Jewish lobby.'" Cardinal Óscar Andrés Rodríguez Maradiaga—the Archbishop of Tegucigalpa, Honduras, and a leading candidate to replace Pope John Paul II until you got the job—has been blaming the Church's pedophilia scandals on the Jews for many years.

Maybe it's just us, but isn't it a little odd to be blaming Jews and newspapers because so many of your priests are child abusers? What we're getting at is, wouldn't it just be easier to stop fucking children? Ya think?

No one can say with certainty how many pedophiles are in the Catholic Church, but there certainly seems to be a lot of them. One gets the impression that every young male Catholic who is in denial about his homosexual tendencies flees into the arms of the Church with its injunction to be sexually abstinent. What a terrific way to avoid confronting those unwanted urges. But, darn it, what do these aspiring priests find when they enter the inner sanctum? All those cute, little, vulnerable altar boys. It's so unfair. Who could possibly expect them to resist such temptation?

Just look at all the pedophilia cases filed against the Church worldwide. There have been scores throughout Europe, including at least 94 cases in your native Germany and hundreds more in Ireland. Italy's numerous cases are kept secret because of an immunity agreement with the Vatican. Then there's the United States, where 80% of all reported cases have occurred. We're talking about 11,000 allegations involving more than 4,000 priests in dozens of cities.

Yeoooww! Who put the Viagra in the holy water, sir? Haven't you guys ever heard of masturbation? Oh, wait! According to Church dogma, that's a sin too.

A point of clarification: Self-gratification is a sin, but engaging in oral sex with a child isn't? Do we have that right?

Ya know, given the foregoing, we're thinking that somewhere between 25% and 50% of the priesthood are pedophiles. Whatever the number, wouldn't all the other prelates of the Church have to be considered coconspirators? Surely they knew what was going on. Don't tell us it wasn't whispered about in the hallways of the Vatican or in local vestries here and abroad. Assuming we're correct in our assessment, doesn't that make the Mother Church a sewer of pederasts and enablers? How holy is that?

But here's the deal, Benny: We know that, at a minimum, you repeatedly dragged your heels when it came to giving the heave-ho to sex-abusing clergy. Moreover, it seems clear that you covered up those heinous crimes. That's why many believe you are indictable under existing conspiracy laws. Given that, you may want to refrain from stepping outside Vatican City ever again. Nowhere you go will be a haven from the long arm of the law.

The Roman Catholic Church has been totally disgraced by the mounting charges of priests who abuse children. So do the honorable thing: Resign! Now! While the Church can still be saved.

FARTS IN THE WIND

HOJATOLESLAM KAZEM SEDIGHI proves once again that the insane rantings of religious nuts can sometimes yield fortuitous results. Men around the world thanked the Iranian cleric for blathering, "Many women who do not dress modestly…lead young men astray, corrupt their chastity and spread adultery in society, which [consequently] increases earthquakes." Before you could cry "junk science," hordes of heathen women joined forces on Facebook and Twitter for "Boobquake," baring their cleavage to test the cleric's thesis. The event—spearheaded by self-professed "geeky, perverted atheist feminist" Jennifer McCreight—didn't precipitate The Big One, but it sure did shake up the Internet for a day.

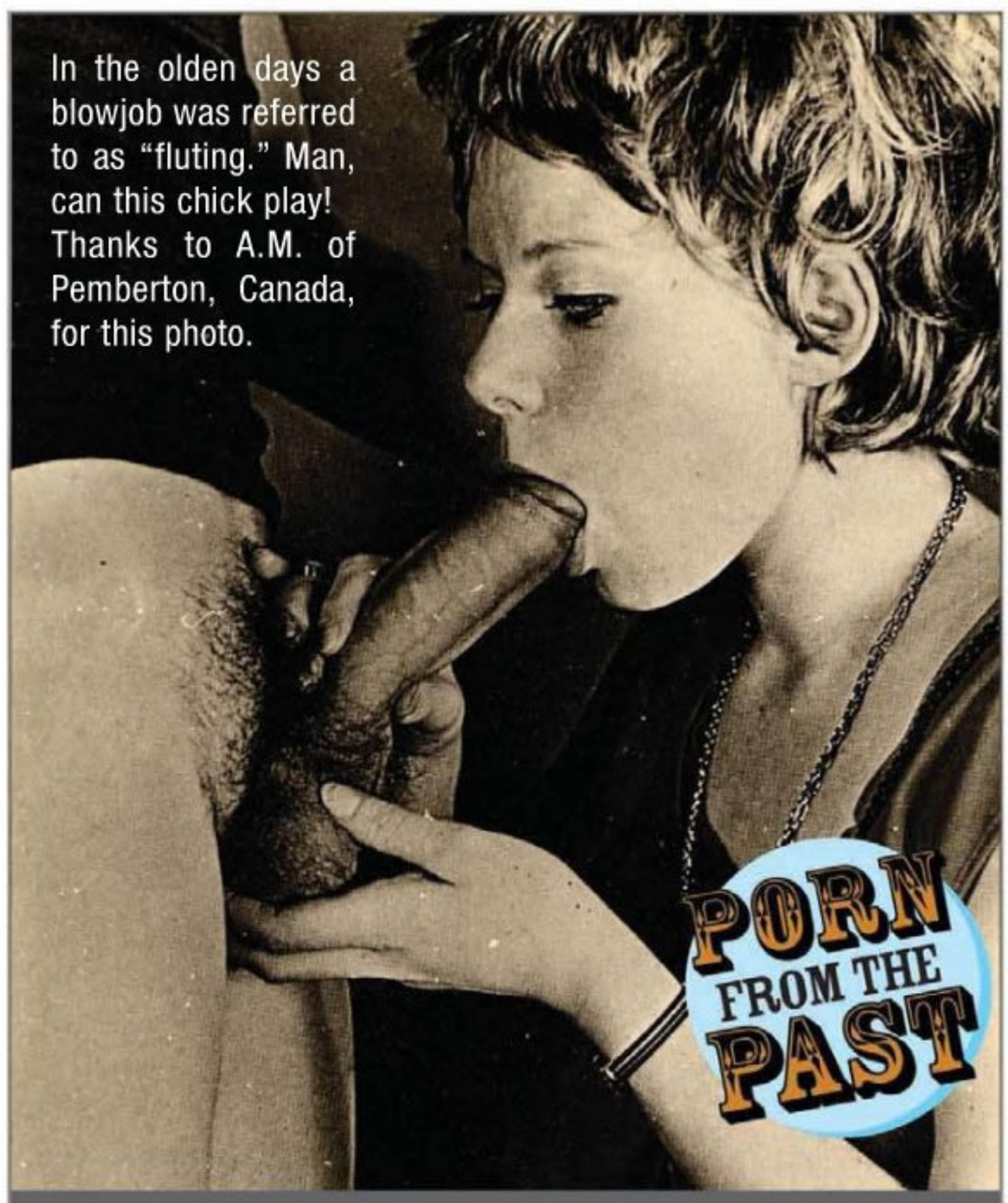
"First the Republicans wanted to kill healthcare reform. Now they want to kill any Democrat who voted for it."

HOT SEAT

Remember beanbag chairs? Everyone had them in the 1970s, and now you can too. The folks at Sumo have revived the trend with the fashionable and comfortable Omni Beanbag Chair. Available in ten colors and weighing just 18 pounds, the versatile cushion is ultrafun. It can be molded into a variety of shapes, including a few that are ideal for sex. While we don't know if the Omni will help *your* sex life, porn star Jayme Langford sure had a good time testing one out.

You can pick up your own Omni Beanbag Chair for around 150 bucks (with free shipping) at **SumoLounge.com**. Ms. Langford not included.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY



In the olden days a blowjob was referred to as "fluting." Man, can this chick play! Thanks to A.M. of Pemberton, Canada, for this photo.

PORN FROM THE PAST

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

Mitch Fatel, one of David Letterman's favorite standup comics, loves HUSTLER. We imagine Letterman loves our mag too, but he can't admit it after that whole sex scandal thing. Check out our interview with the funnyman (Fatel, that is) starting on page 98.

"Sex is one of the nine reasons for reincarnation; the other eight are unimportant."—HENRY MILLER, AUTHOR

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Kate Gosselin* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

We realize we have put a dick in Kate Gosselin's mouth before, but that was when she was the frumpy costar of the reality show *John & Kate Plus Eight*. This is the new, hot and glamorous *Dancing With the Stars* version.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Kate Gosselin actually exists—as far as we know. We are pretty sure that her ex, John Gosselin, doesn't have one. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

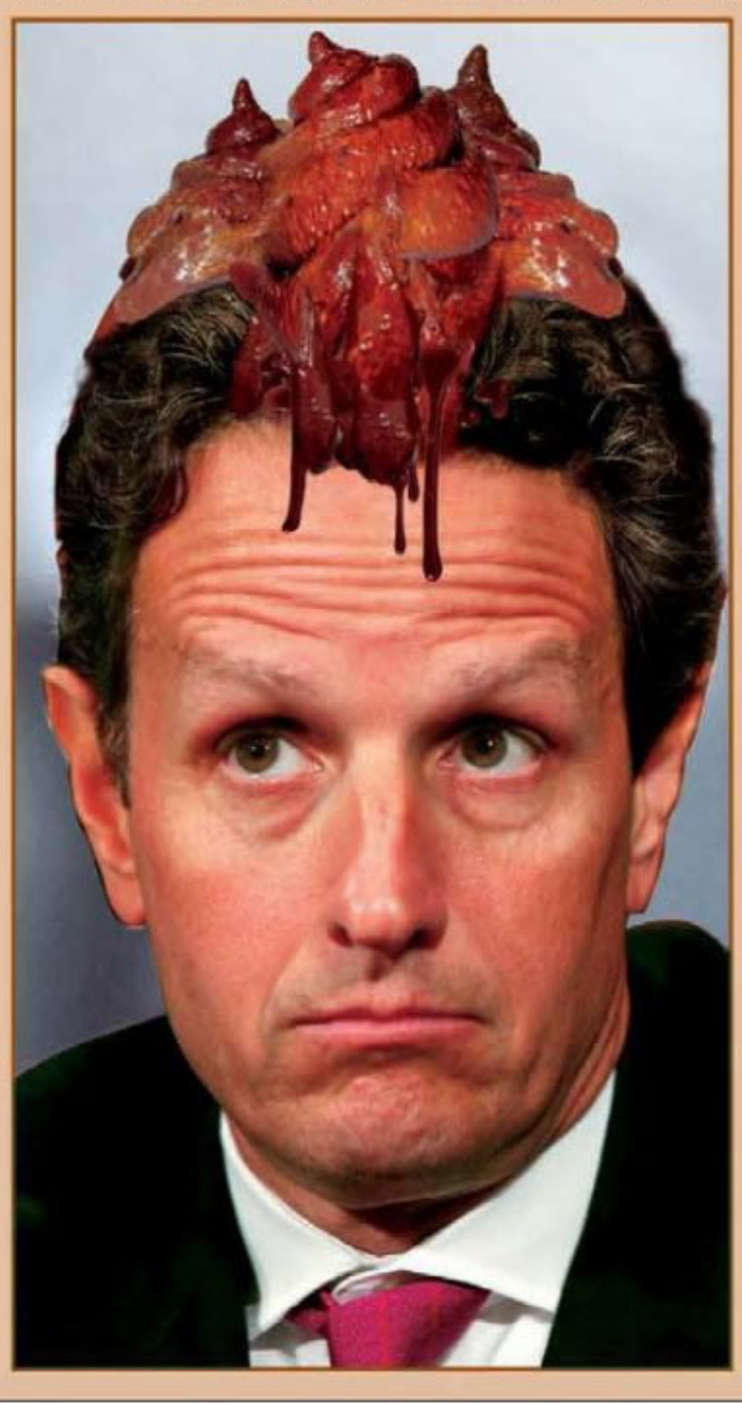
MOST TASTELESS CARTOON

"I used to be Snow White, but I drifted."—MAE WEST, ACTRESS

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #7

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner, the Wall Street ass-licker who helped his banking buddies pocket billions in Americans' tax dollars, recently told CNN, "I've never had a real job." We know the privileged scumbag has never had to mop floors or operate heavy machinery, but Geithner is lying when he says his elitist career is a "myth." A simple Google search reveals that his résumé is bloated with entities like the International Monetary Fund, Kissinger Associates, the Council on Foreign Relations, Bilderberg Group and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. We'll keep "honoring" Geithner with more shit until he's fired or resigns.



NEWSBITES

Animal Magnetism

Researchers sure do spend a lot of time studying peculiar shit. Case in point: Scientists in Australia have found that the female cane toad is rather picky when it comes to choosing a mate. When an aroused male of the species mounts her and starts going at it, the female can inflate a sac that bloats her body so large, the humping male toad will be dislodged before completing insemination. Blue toad balls! Meanwhile, other researchers have discovered that female short-nosed fruit bats show their preference for certain males by fellating them. It used to be just like that in the 1980s with college interns. Then Monica Lewinsky and "political correctness" went and ruined everything.

Stripping 101

College can be a stressful experience, what with all those classes, homework assignments and concerns about the future. Well, England's Cambridge University has come up with a novel way to relieve some of that stress. The normally stodgy higher learning institution is offering classes in pole-dancing! (Sorry, guys—women only.) Besides being touted as a way to "get fit and have fun," learning how to work the pole might provide something to fall back on for the ladies when they realize that degree in anthropology ain't worth the paper it's printed on.

Ass Bandit

There are many things you might want to hold a record for, but most money shoved up your ass?! Yup, a prisoner in an Amarillo, Texas, jail was recently found to have $12,300 inside his rectum (80 $100 bills, two $50s and money orders worth $4,200). The previous recordholder was a Florida prisoner who had a mere $2,000 tucked away in his shitter. But to that dude's credit, he'd also squeezed in a pouch containing a few handcuff keys and razor blades. Let's just say both anal depositors are winners.

Sloshed Staffers

Workers at the Carlsberg brewery in Denmark went on strike after the world's fourth-largest beer supplier imposed a new policy regarding on-the-job drinking. Previously, coolers were stocked with free beer, water and soft drinks that could be consumed at any time. Now workers can only guzzle beer in the canteen during lunch breaks. Striking employees claim they're entitled to three beers a day plus what they drink at lunch. Although we support labor unions and their right to counter unfair practices of Big Business, we're not sure if we can get behind the Carlsberg strike. Okay, maybe if they send us a few free cases of lager. We have a similar rule regarding jerking off here at HUSTLER. It can only be done twice a day during business hours and only to HUSTLER Magazine. Those caught with *Playboy* or *Penthouse* will be fired. Or shot. Or both.

SIGN OF THE TIMES

We had a piece just a couple of nights ago. There was this drunk chick outside the 7-Eleven. We just went around the back by the dumpsters and...oh, wait! They're talking about pizza. Can't touch that stuff. Gives us gas. Thanks to D.B. of Diamond, Illinois, for this photo. Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

IRRATIONAL INQUIRER
HUSTLER HUMOR
LARRY FLYNT IS A SPACE ALIEN!
MADONNA FISHNETS SAVE BOSTON'S FISHING INDUSTRY!
JOHN EDWARDS: FATHER OF OCTOMOM'S BRATS!
TIGER'S SEX RING
PLAY THESE SECRET WINNING LOTTERY NUMBERS AND WIN!
WIFE SAYS, "CLEAN YOUR OWN BALLS FROM NOW ON!"
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST HUMOR MAGAZINE

FUNNY PAGES

The latest edition of "America's Funniest Humor Magazine" takes on the tabloids with laugh-out-loud results. Month after month HUSTLER HUMOR is packed with dirty jokes, cutting-edge cartoons and pointed parodies you won't find anywhere else. Pick up your copy of HUSTLER HUMOR today!

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

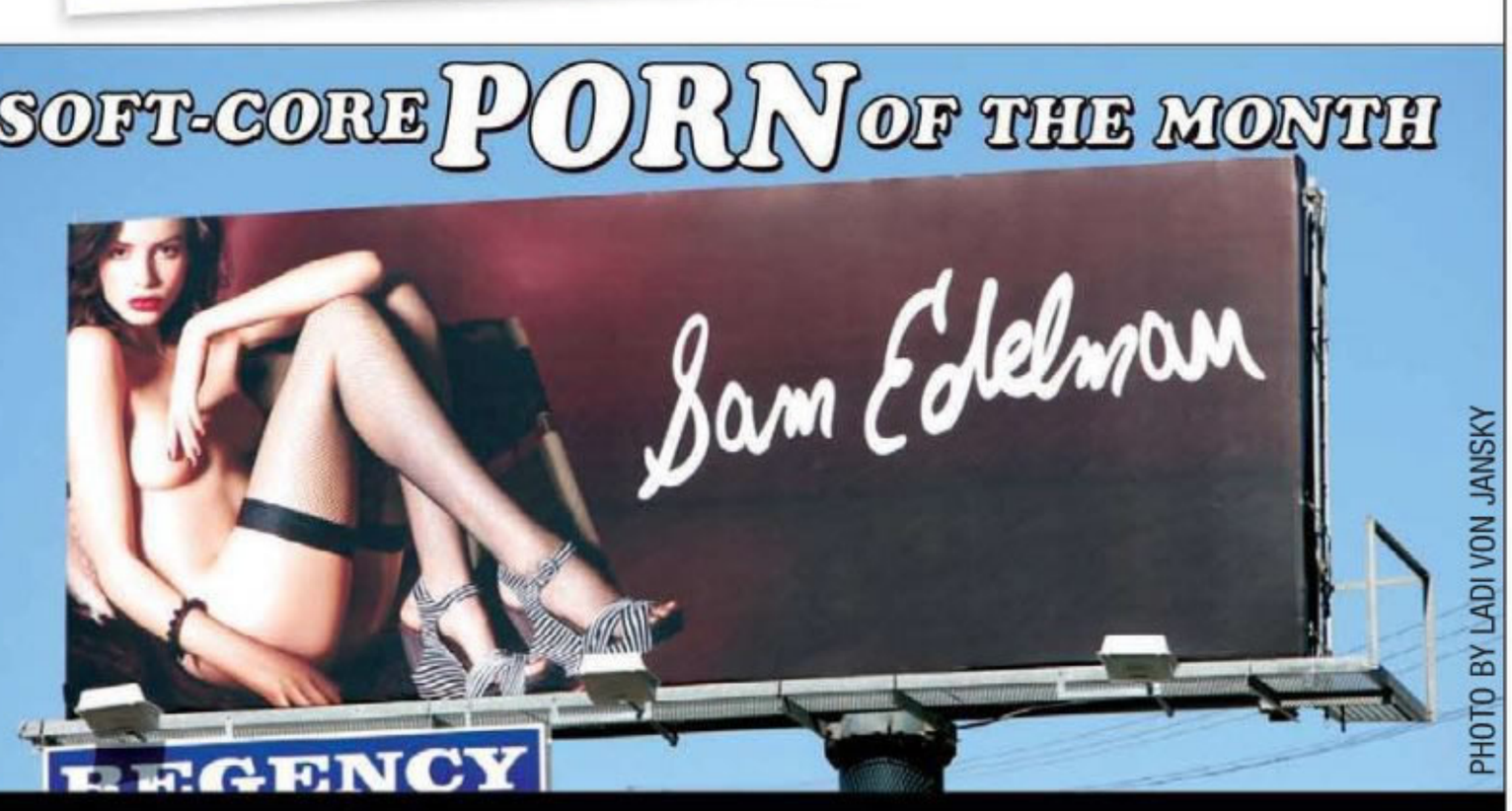
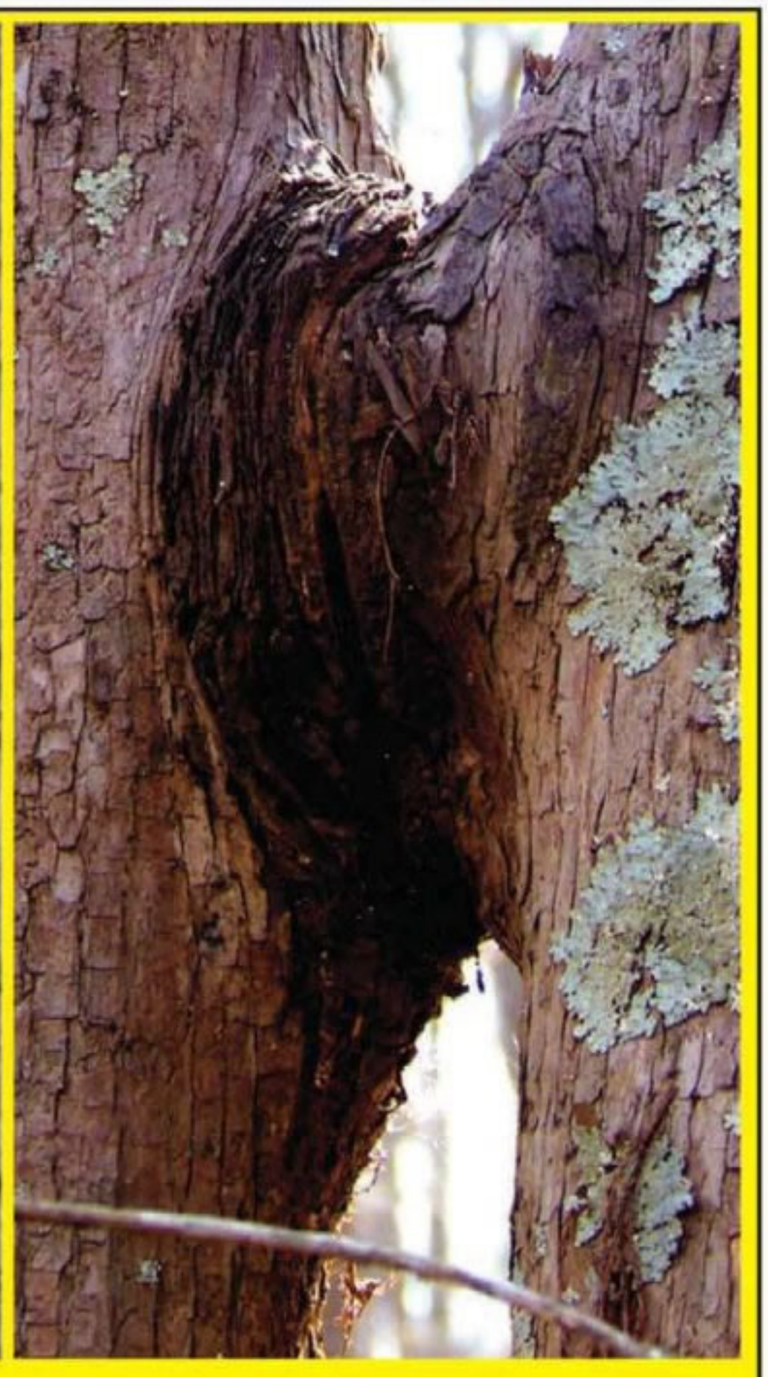


PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Most billboards make you want to buy something. Not this one. It makes us want to crash our car into a telephone pole and then rub one out before the ambulance arrives. Thanks to the Sam Edelman Company (whoever the hell they are) for this month's found porn.

"Writing is like making love. Don't worry about the orgasm; just concentrate on the process."—ISABEL ALLENDE, WRITER

"Have you noticed that most of the women who are against abortion are women that you wouldn't want to fuck in the first place?"—GEORGE CARLIN, COMIC



GOT WOOD?

I think that I shall never see something so beautiful as a tree—especially when it looks like a vagina, ass or a mouth giving head to another tree. What can we say? We love nature. That and we've probably worked at HUSTLER far too long.

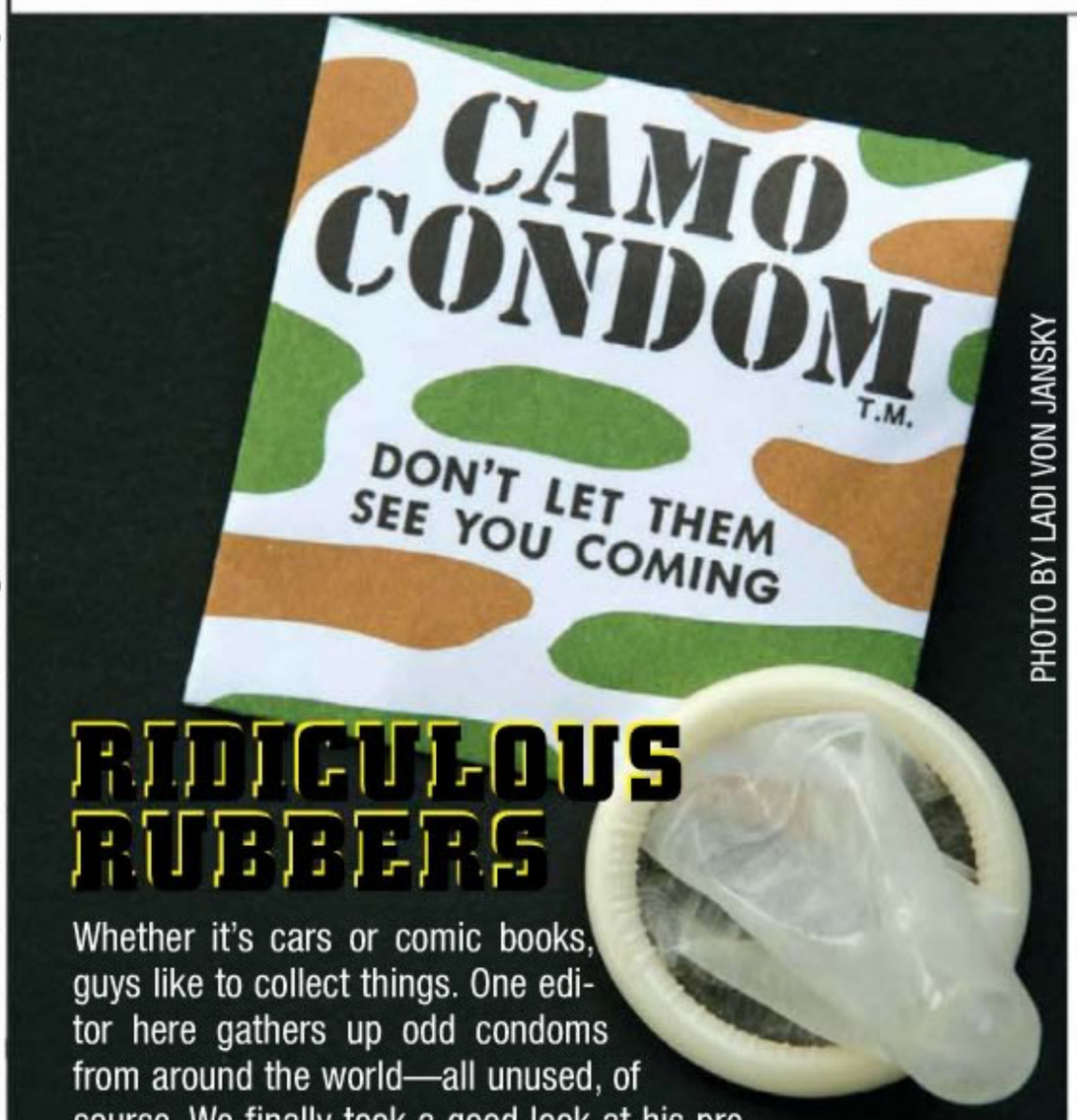


PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

RIDICULOUS RUBBERS

Whether it's cars or comic books, guys like to collect things. One editor here gathers up odd condoms from around the world—all unused, of course. We finally took a good look at his preposterous pile of prophylactics and thought it might make a good *Bits & Pieces* item.

Now we need you the reader to send us the strangest condom you've even seen (or a picture of it). If we feature it in the mag, we'll send you a free T-shirt. Mail your submission to Ridiculous Rubbers, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. (And please indicate shirt size.)

FAMOUS FRIENDS

Larry Flynt is the man. Here he is hanging with actors Owen Wilson and Woody Harrelson. Larry rules!

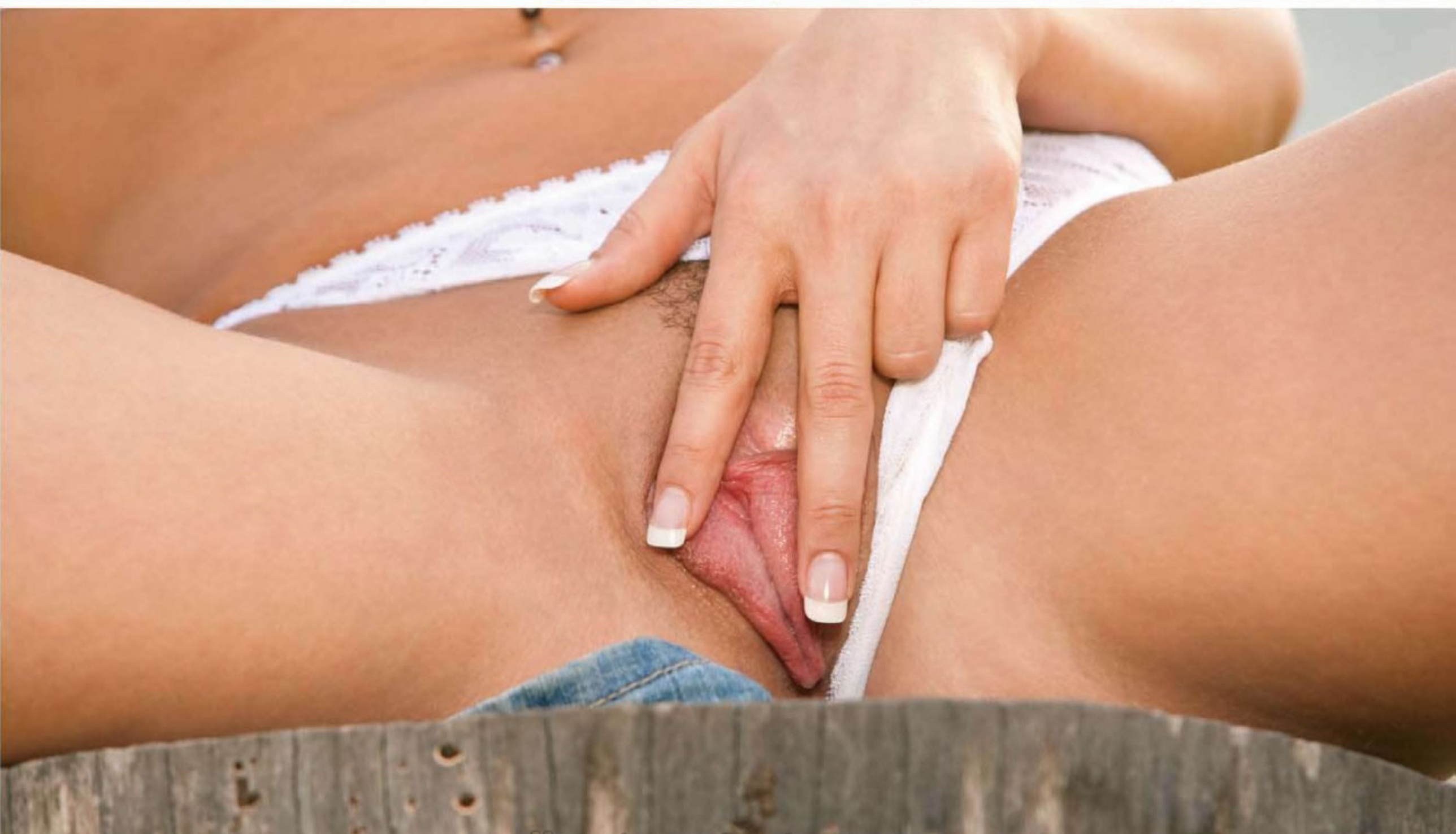
Movie Buff

JANIE SUMMERS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

I always knew I would be famous," says statuesque **Janie Summers**. "When my mom was pregnant with me, she met a Gypsy woman who touched her stomach and said, 'Your child will be a daughter, and she will be a star.' She was right. Of course, I always thought it would be as a mainstream actress, but then I discovered porn. My God, I get to be on film and have sex?! That's the greatest job ever! Sure beats really working for a living."

Before getting into porn, **Janie** had a bunch of shitty jobs. "You name it, I tried it," she recalls. "Waitress, dog walker, but my favorite was movie usher. I used to work at this theater back home. While the movie was playing, one of my duties was to walk the aisle with a flashlight to make sure no one was drinking or smoking. I would catch people having sex all the time. I have to admit it was kinda hot and got me a little wet."



Bringing up fond memories, **Janie** confides, "One day I decided to sneak into the mostly empty theater and play with my pussy in the back row. It was such a rush that I came right away. I did that for months until one of the managers caught me fingering myself during a Disney flick! He liked that I was freaky but had to fire me. It was okay though. We ended up dating for a few months until the asshole dumped me for some new cashier. That inspired me to get into porn."

The jilted lover ushered in her XXX life with resolve. "I wanted to show him what he'd be missing and make him jealous," **Janie** lays on us. "I knew that even if he didn't want me, everyone else would. Now the prick can buy my movies and jerk off to them like everybody else. I got the last laugh there."

JANIE SUMMERS'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Dayton, Ohio | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 120

DOUBLE FEATURE!

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HustlerHollywood.com

STARRY-EYED OVER TIGHT TEEN TWAT

Single white male, divorced." I reread what I had written, crumpled the sheet of paper into a ball and threw it at my cat across the room. Dodger batted it back.

I was 32, with a failed marriage already behind me. Dodger had never liked Daphne, the ex. Right from the start, he'd hissed whenever she entered the apartment. I should have listened. Our marriage lasted all of six months before Daphne left me broke and desperately, achingly lonely.

So now I was trying to write an ad for—I don't know—Craigslist or a dating site. I mean, how the hell was I supposed to meet someone, holed up in my office as an engineer for the city? For the past four years I had seen the same three people every single workday, 8 to 5. Still, I just wasn't a Web site kind of guy. So I played ball with my cat a little longer and went to bed.

The next day was hell at work, problem after unresolved problem. By 5 p.m. I was thoroughly depressed. Then I hit traffic on the freeway and got stuck—completely stuck—in gridlock. Off to my right a neon flashing sign advertised "Girls! Girls! Girls!" along with a banner tooting happy hour booze. What the fuck! I hit the exit.

Inside the strip club it took a minute for my eyes to adjust to the darkness. Looked typical—red velvet, Naugahyde booths, a pussy bar. And then I saw her.

Star was a petite little thing—if I had to guess, maybe 19—dancing to some insanely fast beat. Girl looked more like a gymnast than a stripper. She came out of a back walkover to shoot me this amazing, disarming smile, and I was hooked, drawn to the stage like a magnet to steel.

By the time her set ended, I had emptied my wallet and was standing at the joint's ATM machine, getting money for a lap dance. For some reason the girl made me feel good. I had no idea how good until I followed her cute, handful tush into a dingy back room.

The second I sat down on a simple wooden chair, she stripped off the bra and G-string she'd hastily pulled on when leaving the stage. She started shoving her perfect, perky titties in my face. It was only my second lap dance ever, and I was pretty sure I wasn't allowed to touch her. But when a long, hard nipple brushed across my lips, I couldn't resist. I trapped her spigot between my teeth and started sucking.

Star didn't stop me. She simply plucked a couple of 20s from my fist as she straddled my lap and began rubbing her smooth cooch along my cock bulge. Soon my fuckstick was iron in my jeans. Star lifted up a bit to unzip me and fish my pecker out of my boxers, and when she sat back down, her bare, wet twat lips smothered my cock. Oh, my God!

Was she actually going to let me fuck her? I stopped suckling long enough to stare into her baby blues, trying to gauge the answer to that question. Star just smiled her beautiful smile and slipped the rest of the bills from my fingers as she slipped my crown into her quim.

It had been months since I'd enjoyed any pussy, but a decade or more since I'd scored teenage pink. I had forgotten how tight a cunt could be, how fuckin' glorious. Closing my eyes, I focused on the strong muscles massaging my shaft, squeezing and releasing. Star rode my pole from cap to base again and again as I ran my hands over her body, caressing her ass cheeks and tracing a line up and down her crack.

When my fingers moved to her clit, I felt something hard and opened my eyes to see a sparkling gold ring piercing her trigger. A gentle tug elicited a high-pitched mewling. I pulled two more times, and Star's tiny body began trembling. Her twat jammed down to my balls and stayed there. Pussy juices washed over my sac. Her cunt clutched around my shaft, and I was done. Powerful blasts of jizz shot from my dick as the girl fell limp against my chest.

Call me a schmuck, but from that minute on I was in love. I asked Star if she'd stop by my place after work for a drink. She said no. But a week and four more visits later, she changed her mind. And when she walked through my apartment door last night, my cat Dodger immediately started purring and wrapped himself around her legs, demanding to be petted. Go figure.

—A.W.
Address Withheld by Request

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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"Oh, yeah, you filthy Iraqi bitches are so *liberated*!"

"I'll be glad when these union contract talks are over!"

"Wow!"

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LOVE IS STRANGE FOR THIS FEARLESS PORN ICON

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF BELL

SPEND AN AFTERNOON WITH BELLADONNA, and chances are you'll find yourself bird-watching. It's a hobby of hers. "I have three scrub jays that come into my backyard, and they are so cool," she informs me enthusiastically by phone. "I feed them peanuts; they crack open the shells and eat the nuts. These birds are really smart."

We discuss going bird-watching together. There is also the prospect of my following her to a video game voice-over audition. A follow-up call puts our date in jeopardy. Belladonna's wrenched her back. Her husband/business partner, Aiden Kelly, tells me she's in bed and can't move. Belladonna gets on to explain that the mere act of brushing her teeth brings on stabs of pain. Having just made an appointment with her chiropractor, she suggests I tag along to watch her get cracked and manipulated. Then we chat about a more sybaritic form of therapy.

Belladonna loves steam baths, saunas, Jacuzzis, facials (yeah, that kind, but the more conventional sort as well) and all forms of exotic rubdowns. We agree to meet at Voda Spa, a luxe West Hollywood establishment she frequents even when not in need of adjustment. Bird-watching is off, chiropractics is a maybe, and Voda is 100 percent. Sweet. I get to take a bath with Belladonna.

So how did she hurt her back? Was it on the job? "That, more or less, is what everybody thinks," she tells me with a laugh. "Actually, it happened at Disneyland. I went on Space Mountain, got off the ride and realized that something was wrong."

Belladonna is still in pain when we meet at Voda, but you wouldn't know by looking at her. She looks fine in every way, wearing skintight pants and a gray, low-cut T-shirt with a crouching woman splashed across the front. I ask her about the design. She shrugs innocently. "I don't know. I thought the girl on it was hot."

A giant pair of sunglasses with aqua-colored frames shades her eyes. Her hair is pixieish and blond. She looks sexy and cool, more *Valley of the Dolls* than Southern California's Valley of San Fernando. I attempt to shake her hand, but she's having none of it. "I'm really into hugging," she says, ignoring my proffered mitt as she pulls me close.

PHOTO FROM *THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES: THE RESURRECTION* COURTESY VIVID ENTERTAINMENT

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL KAPLAN

BELLADONNA

The facilities at Voda are coed, and swimsuits are mandatory. Not surprisingly, Belladonna turns out in a great bikini that exposes her curves and tattoos. We begin in the so-called Russian room, where we sit on a wooden bench, sweating through blasts of heat. Wiping beads of perspiration from her forehead, Belladonna tells me this reminds her of a recent trip to Finland.

She and Aiden were there on porn-related business. They happened to be staying in a hotel room that came with a private sauna. In heat-bath heaven, Belladonna saunaed each night to unwind from long stints of dancing and schmoozing. Then one evening Aiden came up with an interesting idea. "My husband asked if I wanted to fuck in the sauna," she recalls. "I was afraid that he would overheat, but he didn't, and my body was really relaxed. So that made it perfect for anal sex."

Finns traditionally cool off post-sauna by rolling around in the snow. At Voda there's an ice-cold plunge pool. When you're here with Belladonna, the plunge serves two purposes: It chills you down from the blistering heat and affords a lovely view of Belladonna's nipples, so hard they appear in bas relief against the clingy fabric of her top.

Next we take a dip in the heated pool and chat about massage. "There used to be a guy who was the porn star massager," she tells me. "He'd come to my house and massage me for, like, two hours. He usually brought me to the brink of coming. He'd get very close to my pussy but not touch it, which is what I like. At the end he would only ask for a donation, but I always gave him more than the cost of a regular massage—and it was totally worth it."

Later, sitting against a jet in the bubbling Jacuzzi, Belladonna pronounces her back decidedly improved. Conversation drifts to the story of how she wound up in porn. "My friend was stripping for a bachelor party full of cops back in Utah, where I was living," she remembers. "I was still a teenager and tagged along just to watch. But when the guys asked if I wanted to join in, I did. Being underage in a room filled with cops made it all the hotter."

After turning 18, Belladonna headed to L.A., where she did nude modeling for magazines. Adult movies followed quickly. She soon earned a reputation as the girl who would try anything in front of a camera. It was great for business but potentially disastrous for her personal life. "I used to be scared that nobody would want to marry a woman who's done what I've done," says the girl who once jammed a baseball bat up her ass.

"Aiden used to work in the Web department of Evil Angel," Belladonna adds. "So he knew about my movies, but he didn't know that I had briefly done high-end escort agency work in New York City. After we started dating, I told him. He said he was okay with it. I'm still waiting for him to crack and tell me it's not okay. But six years later that has yet to happen."

Beyond being a wife, Belladonna is also a mom. She and Aiden have a child Belladonna was reluctant to talk about with HUSTLER. Nevertheless, she has told an Australian daily: "There've been times when I've been, 'I don't know if I want to do [porn films] anymore because of how my daughter's going to have a hard time.' So I've really had to talk it through with my husband and learn how to be okay with it. I know she's going to have moments where she's going to call me a whore or something—I did that and my mom didn't even do porn—so I think if you know it's going to be there, and hopefully surround her with sex-positive talk, it'll be okay."

Continuing our Voda afternoon, now in a sauna baking with dry heat, Belladonna slouches across the bottom strip of a three-story bleacher. As she positions herself, I notice the word *loyal* tattooed across her back. She's already told me about the seahorse she has on one arm ("Male seahorses get pregnant and carry the babies; that's awesome") and the lotus flowers on the other ("I just love them").

When I ask about the back piece though, Belladonna simply replies, "I'm thinking of getting it removed." That hangs in the air for a beat as the room turns unbearably hot.

Back in our clothing and out on the street, we head to one of Belladonna's preferred lunch spots, a tea-and-sandwich place called Urth Caffé. We're about to go inside when she runs into a punked-out skateboarding friend. They discuss plans for a movie Belladonna wants to shoot with skaters, hug (of course) and promise to keep in touch.

Stepping up to Urth's counter, we both go for turkey sandwiches, a salad made with delicious buratta cheese (essentially mozzarella filled with heavy cream) and drinks. Belladonna selects a glass of Awakened Buddha iced tea. "It's got ginkgo leaves and ginseng root in it," she says. "I find this tea to be calming, though it also keeps me alert."

As she talks, I rewind to that scroll of ink on her back. Why is she thinking of getting the word *loyal* removed, I ask. Taking a sip of tea, her tone turns somber. "I'm not loyal anymore, and it made me feel like crap."

Belladonna explains that Aiden suggested she mess around with other guys as a kink that he would get off on. He wanted to watch her with them for real and not through the lens of a camera, but she'd be with none of the men more than once. That condition was intended as an insurance policy against emotional involvement. However, the arrangement was never entirely mutual. Belladonna, the ultimate libertine, "has issues" with her husband even jacking off when she's not present.

Things got a little out of hand. "I asked Aiden if I could have one guy, who happens to be a performer, as a boyfriend," she recounts. "I wanted him all the time. Aiden said that I couldn't have this guy as a boyfriend, and I [briefly] broke up with my husband over it. What sucks is that if I didn't let this go so far, I could have worked with the guy when I wanted to or else fucked him on the side with my husband watching." She *(continued on page 103)*

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A MIKE CREED ADVENTURE

B

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM SIMONTON

LOOD-BATH

PART 2

DOUBLE-CROSSED BY HIS LOVER, PRIVATE DETECTIVE MIKE CREED GETS SUCKED INTO A DEADLY GAME OF CAT-AND-MOUSE.

PROLOGUE: Deceased media mogul Robert Mandrake's blackmail files are going to make Mike Creed rich, but drop-dead-gorgeous Carol Steel has other plans.

It was already pitch-dark as I gunned my Sebring through the hairpin turns of Calabasas, as godforsaken a location as you could find within the immediate L.A. area. Just barren hills and jutting rocks, with a few houses scattered between them.

On her cell phone Carol Steel had let me know she was being pursued by a black Lexus, with gunmen firing from both sides of the car. She was determined to reach her rendezvous point with the money guy, whom I was told always traveled with at least one armed bodyguard. "Don't worry," Carol assured me. When I suggested she call the police or head back to a nearby town, she went ballistic. "Are you nuts?!" she screeched. "And risk the cops grabbing the file?"

I pulled off the two-lane thoroughfare and veered down a dirt road. Carol had been pretty detailed about her meeting spot, but I still wasn't sure this was it. How many dirt roads could there be in Calabasas after all? Dozens?

The Sebring lurched and bounced its way into an ever-deepening ravine. With ominous clouds hiding the moon, there was nothing to illuminate the landscape—only my headlights set on bright. If there were bad guys at the end of the road, they'd have no trouble spotting me. I was thinking that as three bullets suddenly slammed into the right side of my car, one shattering the front passenger window. It was sheer luck the slug missed me.

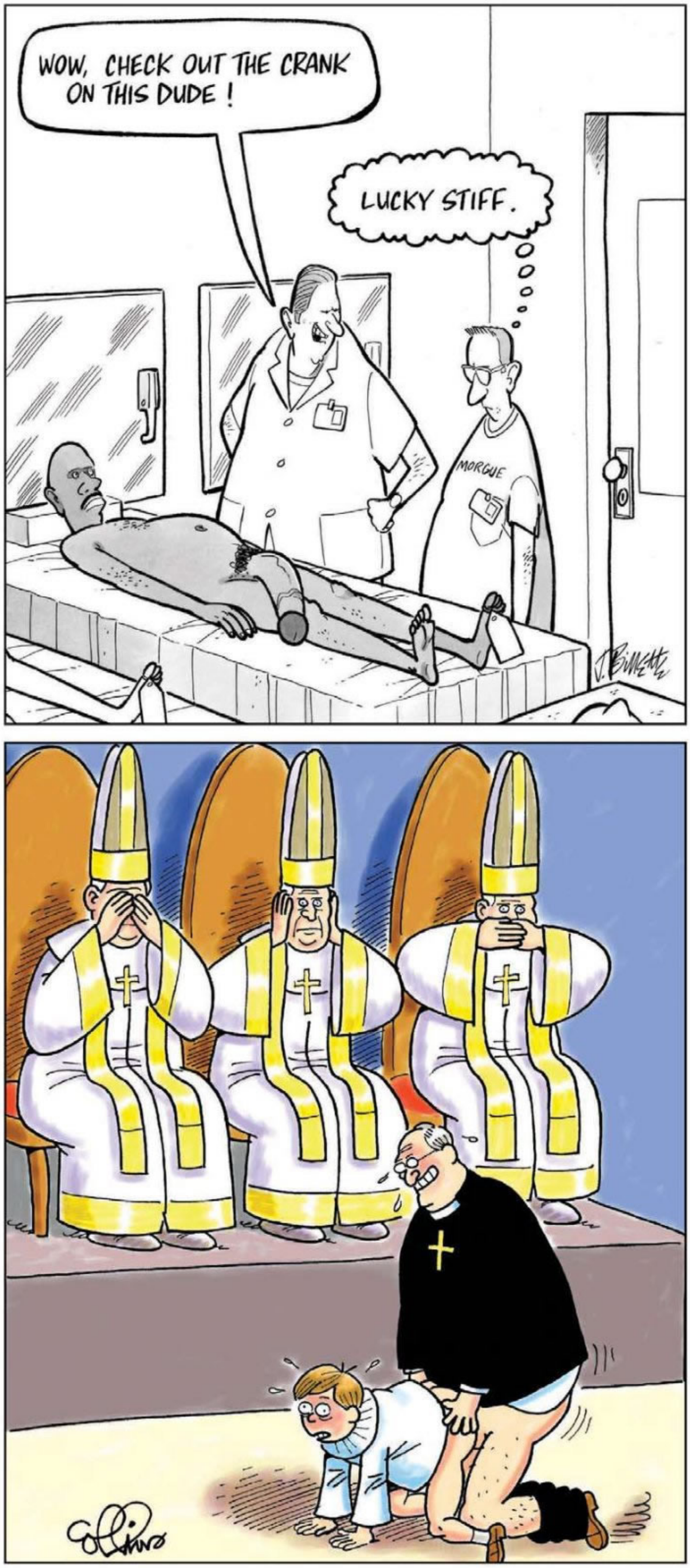
Dousing the lights, I began to back up. But it was too fuckin' dark. Within seconds my car was half off the path, its left rear tire dangling over the road's edge. I tried pulling forward, but that only made the vehicle lurch more to the left. If I didn't stop, I was sure it would tip over. Slamming the gearstick into park, I opened the driver-side door and rolled out, sliding down a gully. Simultaneously, a new salvo of bullets tore into my car and the hill behind me. By then I was deep enough in the gully to be safe.

Hunkered down, I grabbed the cell phone in my pocket. Maybe Carol didn't want the police involved, but that seemed like a good idea to me. I flipped the lid up and dialed 911. No service. Shit! Tossing the phone into the dirt, I pulled out my Glock. Sometimes a gun is all the 911 you get.

I started moving down the gully toward the area the shots had come from. The advantage was mine now. Enveloped in total darkness, I was invisible. My opponents, on the other hand, were giving their location away by firing their weapons. But at what? Or whom? They were no longer firing at me.

I peeked over the top of the roadway down into the ravine. The gunmen were shooting at the opposite ridge. Their target had to be Carol. She was still alive and firing back. *Good girl!* I thought. *Keep them distracted. It will give me time to move in closer.*

Slowly, cautiously, I worked my way down to the bottom of the ravine where I could vaguely make out—during a burst of gunfire—four or five figures making their way from boulder to boulder as they inched



toward Carol's position. It would only be minutes before they had her outflanked.

One of the gunmen was almost on top of her, but he was hard to make out. If I was going to take him down, I'd have to wait until he fired another round. When he fired, so did I. And so did Carol. The guy howled in pain, then tumbled down the hillside. One of us had hit him. Well, fuck it! With Carol apparently able to handle her end of things, I'd concentrate on eliminating the thugs closest to me. Having revealed my location, they resumed firing in my general direction.

Pop! Pop! Pop! I hit the son of a bitch closest to me. He screamed like a girl, then dropped to the ground. His three remaining sidekicks fired back at me, kicking up dirt on the roadway that was shielding me. I fired back, hitting one of them. To my surprise, Carol also fired, taking out the second guy. I could see from her muzzle blast that she was descending the hillside to join me. By the time I looked back the third scumbag had vanished into the brush—an easy trick on a night as dark as this.

"Mike, is that you?!" Carol shouted across the bottom of the ravine.

"Yeah," I yelled back. "But stay down! There's at least one other gunman down here." Looking around, I could barely make out four parked cars. One was Carol's. The limo had to belong to her moneyman, slumped over in the backseat. The third and fourth cars probably belonged to our assailants.

Scattered around the vehicles were a number of bodies. I accounted for a few of them; Carol the others. I was thinking, *Way to go, girl! You're a real killer.* But my thoughts were cut short. The ravine was suddenly illuminated by a set of headlights at the top of the ridge.

"Cops?!" Carol cried out from the darkness.

"I don't see a flashing gumball machine on top," I responded, but it was heading toward us.

"Meet me at your car!" I yelled. Then I lunged in that direction, staying low in case that last fucker was still lurking about. Reaching her car, I threw myself against the rear left wheelwell, my gun in hand. At the same time, I heard a thud from the other side of the car. "That you?" I whispered. Carol answered in the affirmative.

We inched our way around the car to meet each other. Her sweater, ripped to shreds, barely covered her. Her skirt was split up one seam, revealing a whole lot of leg and the fact that she wasn't wearing panties. Carol's face, hands and legs were cut and streaked with dirt. Still, I had to admit, she pulled the look off. "You sure took your time getting here," she hissed.

"Where's Mandrake's file?" I shot back.

"I risked my life for this," she muttered, throwing it at me. By now the approaching car was too close for comfort. "Grab some guns!" I directed. There were plenty of them laying on the *(continued on page 58)*

Get in Her Pants

CAPRI ANDERSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

If you want to get into my pants, you first have to get into my heart," chirps love-hungry **Capri Anderson**. "I believe that the best sex must have emotion attached to it. Sex for me really is emotion and motion tied into a wonderful mix. I'm not one to just jump into bed with a man, no matter how hot he is."

Does that mean **Capri** has never enjoyed a one-night stand? "Well, I can't honestly say never," the captivating Floridian replies with a laugh. "Sometimes my desires are so strong that I can't hold back, and I have to have a guy then and there. But flings and one-night stands are few and far between. I'd much rather be in a serious relationship. There is something about getting to know a person. That way you can fully explore each other's desires no matter how dirty they are."

Find more at: magazinesdownload.com

Asking **Capri** to share her dirtiest desires stops her cold, then she relents: "Oh, wow! Um, I don't know if I want to say them out loud, but I would love to be having sex with a man when another guy joins in—followed by another and another, and maybe a girl or two, until finally we are one big heap of skin, sweat and sex. I think that would be pretty unbelievable, but I'm probably too shy to ever make it happen."

CAPRI ANDERSON'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Miami | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 107

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BY CHLOE DANIELS

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

HUNKY-DORY PARTY

WELCOME TO A WORLD OF SEXUAL SPLENDOR AND FANTASY!

It was just before lunchtime when I heard the buzzer at the front gate and made my usual mad dash to the parlor. Wearing lingerie like the other dozen girls, I took my place in line and waited to introduce myself to the most beautiful young man I had ever seen. I could feel myself getting wet with anticipation.

Just as I had hoped, the hunk picked me, and I took him back to my room! It turned out that he wanted what I was in the mood for: a "half and half" (cocksucking and intercourse) and a little "dining at the Y" (receiving oral sex from the customer).

My dreamy encounter began with me undressing the stud I'll call "Jay." Oh, how I love exploring a lover's body for the first time, looking for the right buttons to push. In Jay's case, caressing and nibbling his inner thighs and lower stomach seemed to get him going. I could feel his already-hard manhood flex in my hand.

I stroked his cock gently, but the look in his eyes told me what to do next. I slipped his wonderful manhood into my warm, wet mouth and engulfed it clear down to the base. I then began my delicate dance, giving him all of the pleasure he could bear from my mouth, lips and tongue without pushing him over the edge! Jay had asked to climax inside my body.

At last it was my turn for Jay to pleasure my most intimate parts! I lay down on my bed and spread my legs wide for his viewing enjoyment. As he moved his face into place, I was rife with anticipation. Bingo! Once he began gently licking me in all the right places, I was shuddering from head to toe. Before long I was swept away by the most powerful, mind-bending orgasm that I'd had in ages!

After taking a moment to compose myself, I chose to ride Jay face-to-face cowgirl-style to complete his requested "half and half." I climbed on top of him and guided his hard cock—slick with my saliva—deep into my warm, juicy vagina. Clamping down on his member, I could have brought him to an almost-instant orgasm. Instead, I did my best to prolong Jay's journey of sexual bliss, but he couldn't hold back too long!

When I sensed the inevitable, I picked up the tempo and milked every last drop of cum out of him. As Jay pulled out of my love tunnel, he was gasping for air and grinning from ear to ear! Another satisfied client of mine was about to leave the BunnyRanch.

Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

For more, visit **TheChloeDaniels.com**. To book a party or just send a message, fire off an e-mail to **ChloeDaniels@BunnyRanch.com**.

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

BEHIND THE SCENES OF IRON BALLS TOO!

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY NOEL ANDERSON

HEY, TRUE BELIEVERS! I'M STAIN LEE! LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME TO MILK THE OL' MARBLE COMICS MONEY COW AGAIN!

THE BUCK STOPS HERE!

STAIN LEE

WITH ME AROUND, DOWNEY HAS SOMEONE TO DO DRUGS WITH WHEN WE TAKE FIVE!

BOY, THAT ROBERT DOWNEY JR. IS SURE ONE DEVOTED ACTOR! HE EVEN LEAVES THE IRON BALLS HELMET ON DURING BREAKS IN THE ACTION!

ACTUALLY, HE'S GOT NO CHOICE! WE LOST THE ALLEN WRENCH TO GET IT OFF OF HIM!

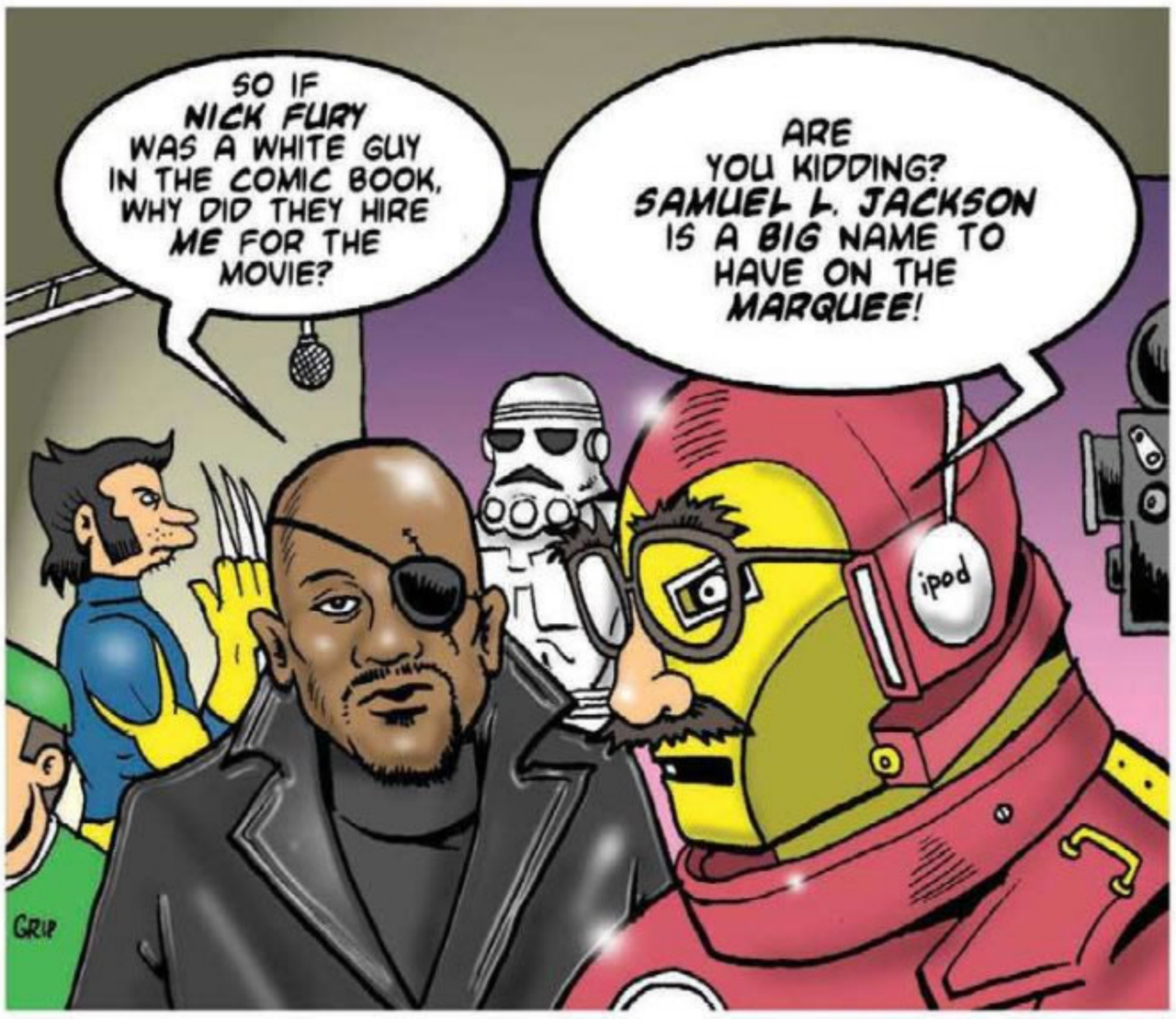
I'M MICKEY ROURKE! YOU MIGHT THINK PUTTING ME IN THIS MOVIE IS JUST STUNT CASTING, BUT IT DOES SERVE A PRACTICAL PURPOSE!

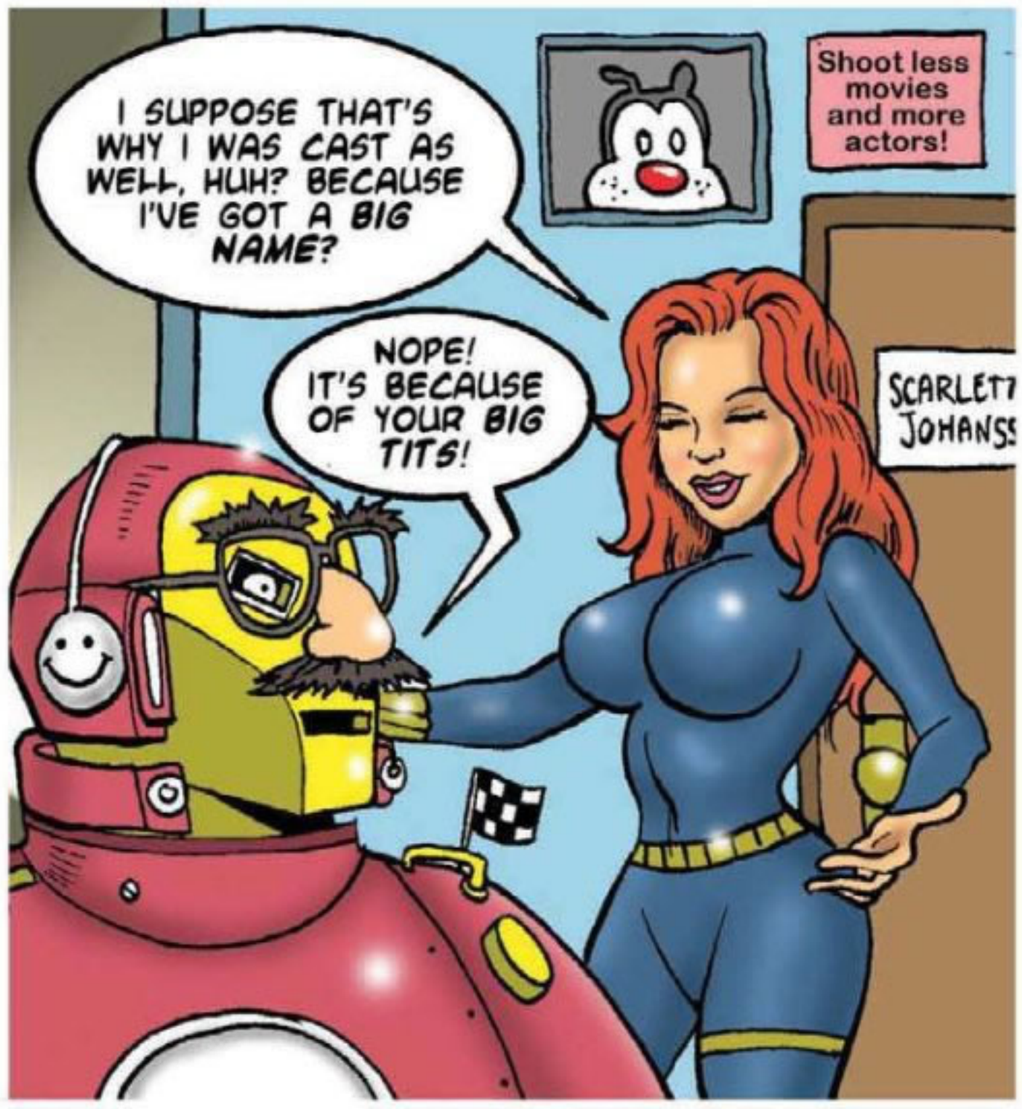
WORST SEQUEL EVER!

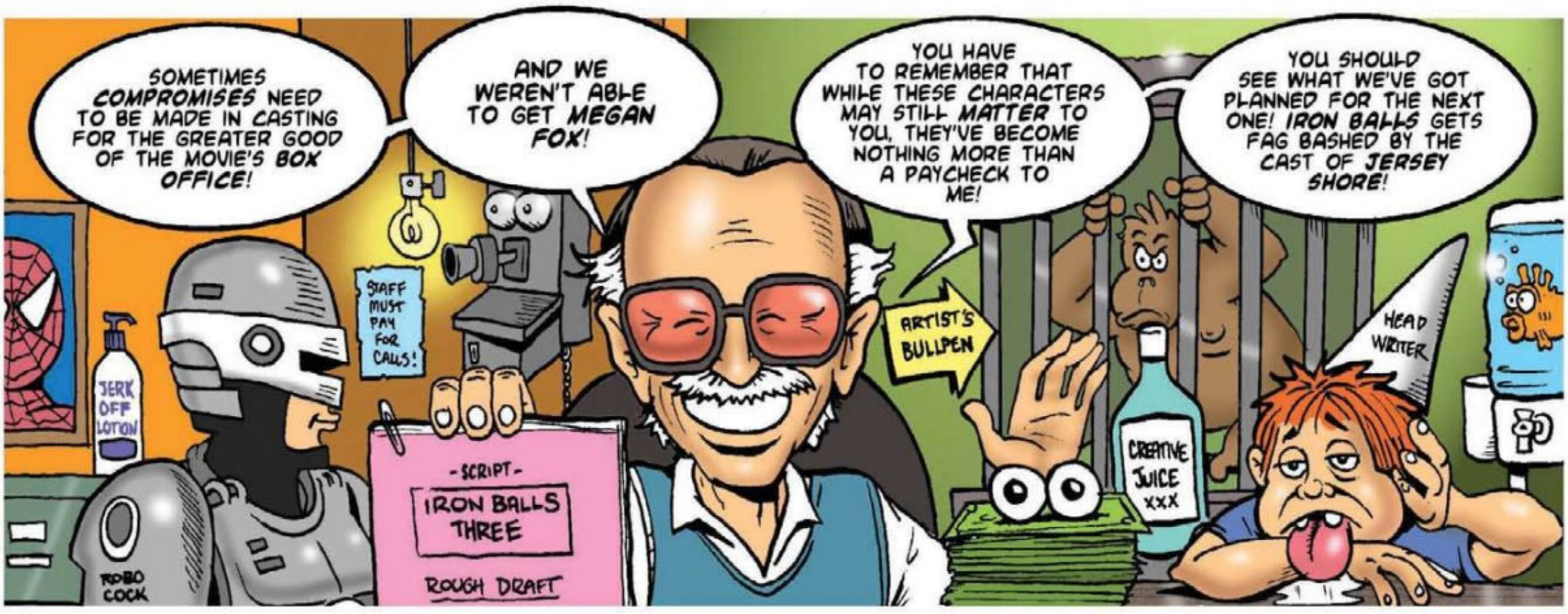
STP

SCRIPT

Not R.F.

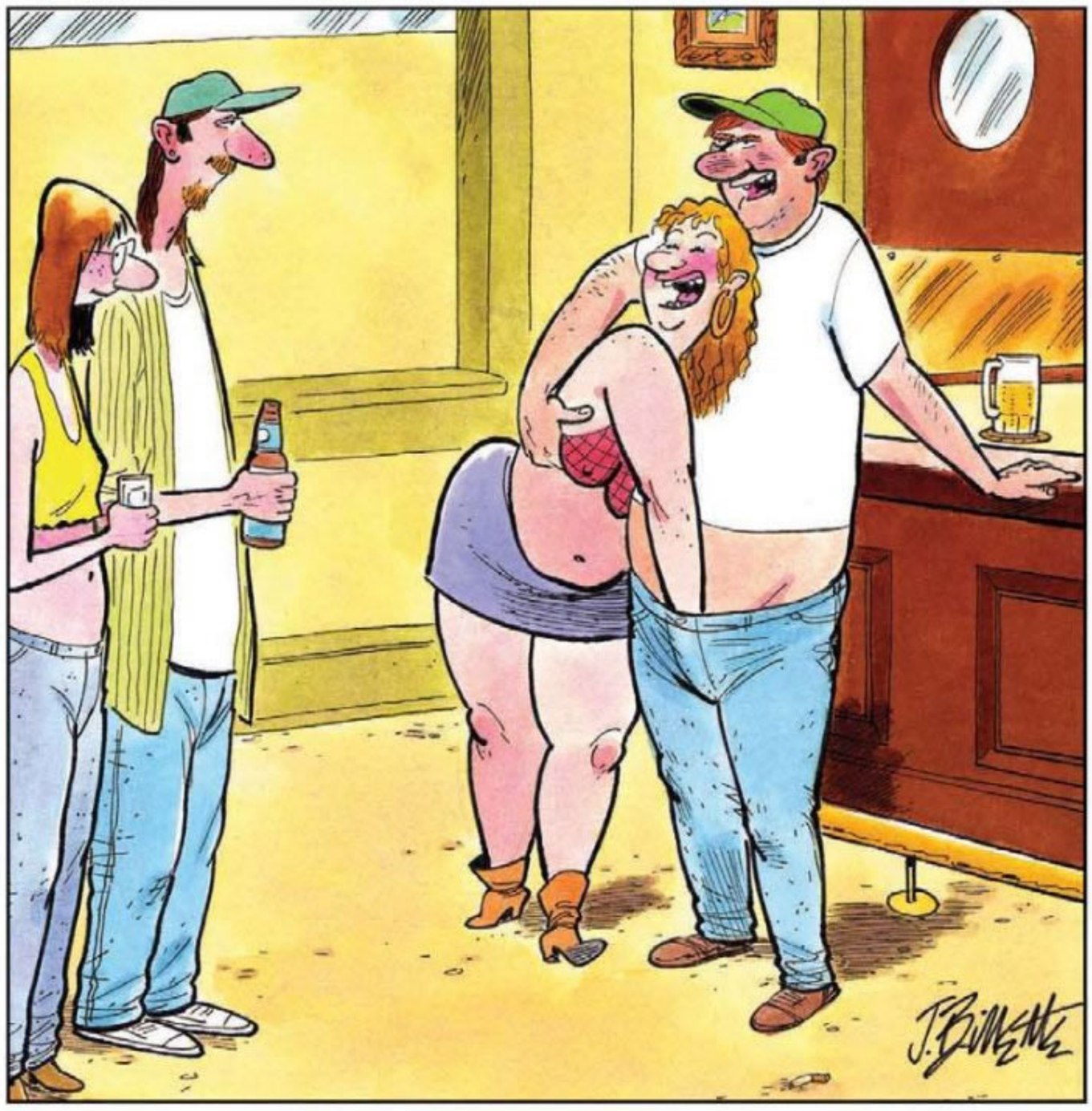

SO IF NICK FURY WAS A WHITE GUY IN THE COMIC BOOK, WHY DID THEY HIRE ME FOR THE MOVIE?
ARE YOU KIDDING? SAMUEL L. JACKSON IS A BIG NAME TO HAVE ON THE MARQUEE!
ipod
GRIP


I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHY I WAS CAST AS WELL, HUH? BECAUSE I'VE GOT A BIG NAME?
NOPE! IT'S BECAUSE OF YOUR BIG TITS!
Shoot less movies and more actors!
SCARLETT JOHANSS

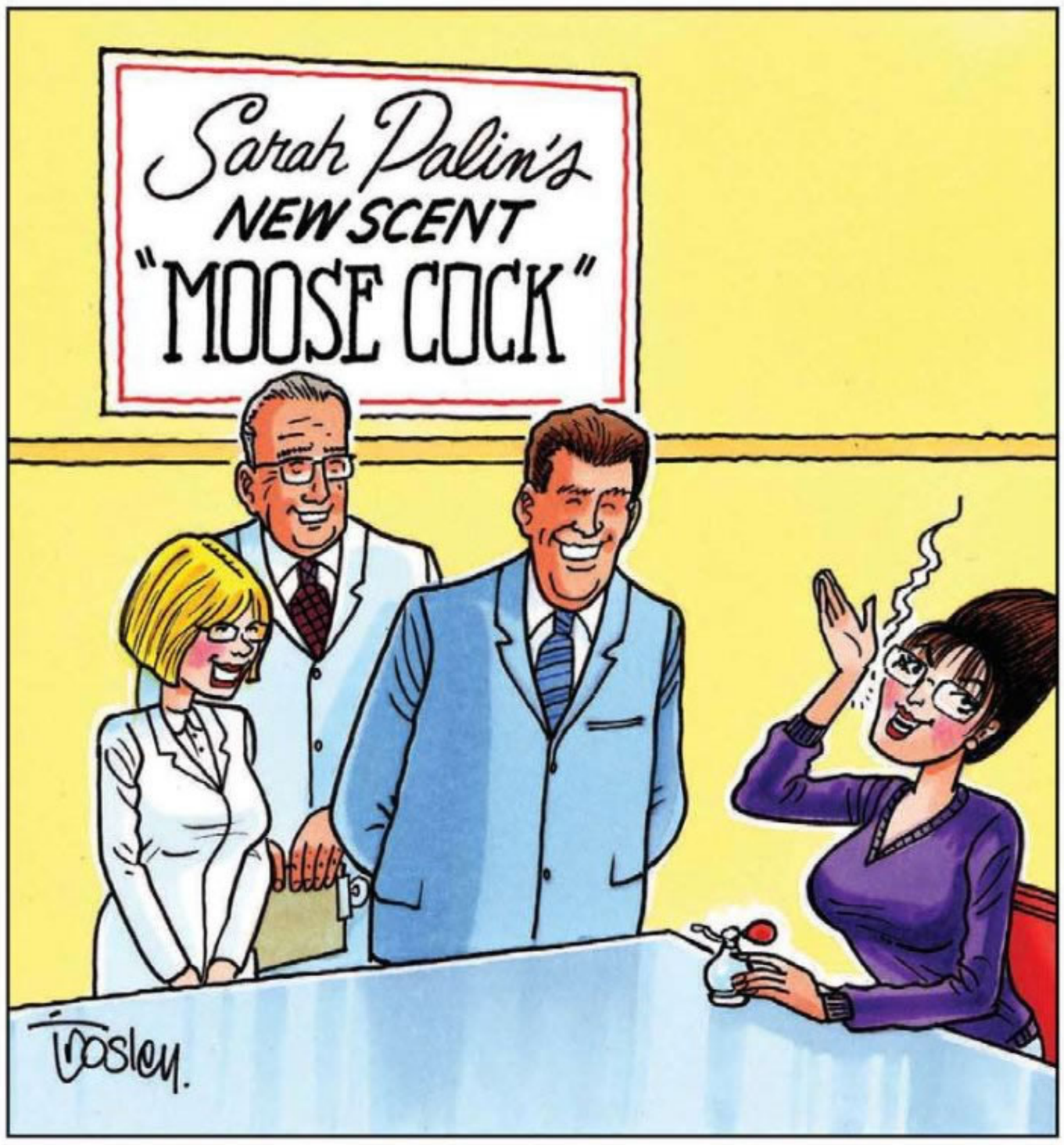

SOMETIMES COMPROMISES NEED TO BE MADE IN CASTING FOR THE GREATER GOOD OF THE MOVIE'S BOX OFFICE!
AND WE WEREN'T ABLE TO GET MEGAN FOX!
YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT WHILE THESE CHARACTERS MAY STILL MATTER TO YOU, THEY'VE BECOME NOTHING MORE THAN A PAYCHECK TO ME!
YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT PLANNED FOR THE NEXT ONE! IRON BALLS GETS FAG BASHED BY THE CAST OF JERSEY SHORE!
STAFF MUST PAY FOR CALLS!
JERK OFF LOTION
ROBO COCK
-SCRIPT-
IRON BALLS THREE
ROUGH DRAFT
ARTIST'S BULLPEN
CREATIVE JUICE XXX
HEAD WRITER

THERE'S SO MUCH ACTION I CAN'T EVEN TELL WHAT'S GOING ON! IS ALL OF THIS EXCESSIVE VIOLENCE NECESSARY?
I'M AFRAID SO! THERE'S A LEVEL JUST LIKE THIS IN THE FORTHCOMING IRON BALLS TOO VIDEO GAME, AND THE MOVIE HAS TO MATCH!
KRASH!

WARDROBE IS DOING A GREAT JOB ON THIS PICTURE! MICKEY'S WHIPLASH COSTUME IS PRETTY OUTLANDISH!
ACTUALLY, THAT'S WHAT HE WORE TO THE SET TODAY!
BIG GULP
HOLY CRAP! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY HANDS AND WHAT'S UP WITH THESE GLOVES?
OH NO! HUGE HANDS AND WHITE GLOVES?! I'VE BEEN DREADING THIS DAY, AND IT'S FINALLY COME!
GASP!
GASP! YOU DON'T MEAN...
YES! THE WALT DIZZY/MARBLE COMICS MERGER! NOW EVERYONE'S FAVORITE MARBLE CHARACTERS WILL BE RUINED BY THE HEAVY HAND OF THAT FAMILY FRIENDLY CORPORATION!
DAMMIT! THE DIZZY-FICATION OF THE MARBLE UNIVERSE? WHAT'S NEXT, PIXAR'S WOLVERINE MEETS HANNA MONTANA?
OH, THE INDIGNITY! AS IF DOING BLACK SNAKE MOAN WASN'T HUMILIATING ENOUGH! I WILL NOT LOWER MYSELF TO PLAYING UNCLE REMUS!
Dizzy
BUSINESS NEWS
MARBLE IN BED
NOT DIGNIFIED? PLEASE! THIS IS A GREAT MOVE FOR MARBLE DUE TO THE DEEP POCKETS THAT DIZZY HAS. PLUS DIZZY IS KNOWN FOR ITS CLASS AND DIGNITY!
OKAY, I'M READY. JUST MAKE SURE TO LUBE ME UP REAL GOOD! I'VE GOT A BAD CASE OF HEMORRHOIDS!
YOU'RE IN THE HOUSE OF MOUSE NOW, BITCH!
VACANCY
WALT Dizzy BUTT LUBE
END



"For us it was pure animal magnetism! She's a dog, and I'm a pig."



"Sniff...sniff...wow! That does smell just like moose cock!"

(continued from page 44) ground where their owners had fallen. We scooped them up as quickly as possible then lunged back behind her car. And none too soon.

A volley of bullets came our way. "Guess it's not the cops," I said with irony.

"Good," she answered, dead serious. You really had to wonder about her.

The moon peered out from behind the clouds. We could see the four occupants of the car fanning out in an effort to surround us. A few beats later I turned to Carol, saying, "It's now or never." She nodded. Guns in both hands, we stood up and started shooting. The men returned fire. Everything went slow motion. Gunsmoke filled the air. I saw one of my targets fall at the same time I took a bullet in my shoulder. It had come from my left. I fired my other gun in that direction, watching with satisfaction as the slug tore out the creep's throat.

By the time I turned around, Carol had stopped shooting. Both of her attackers were on the ground, gasping out the last of their lives. Carol and I looked at each other. There was no need to say a word. You want an aphrodisiac? Try standing at the doors of death with a beautiful woman. I grabbed her, and we kissed.

Pressing Carol back against her car, we slid slowly to our knees. I reached under her skirt, my right hand sliding up a smooth, firm thigh. Grasping me with all her might, she pressed her pussy into my hand as I slipped two fingers up her slit. "Give me your dick," she whispered into my ear. Still kneeling, I unzipped my fly and lifted her onto my shaft. Her hips undulated, slowly at first, then with increasing passion. "I love you," she murmured.

"You don't mean that," I snapped back.

"I know," Carol conceded.

I was waiting for her to come when I caught a movement to my right. It was the thug who had escaped into the brush. He was standing just a few feet from us, his gun aimed directly at me.

"Guess that's the last piece of ass you're gonna get," the intruder droned, cocking his weapon. To my surprise, my left hand was still clutching one of my guns. I raised it and fired. The goon's face had a look of total shock. *How could you fuck while holding a gun?* he must have been asking himself as he sank to his knees, then keeled over into the dirt. Carol and I climaxed as he sputtered his final breath.

The police arrived a short while later. Carol tried to hide Mandrake's telltale documents in the dirt, but I grabbed them from her. Our best strategy in dealing with the law was to be completely honest, I knew. That meant handing over the file as well. "I'll never forgive you for this," Carol snorted.

"What makes you think I give a shit?" I responded.

She glared at me. I turned toward the approaching cops. Detective Miles Hannigan was among them. He was glaring at me too. It was gonna be another shitty day.

BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

COUGARS UNLEASHED #19

SAVANNAH STEELE

AGE: 40

LOCATION: MISSION VIEJO, CALIFORNIA

SEE HER AT: SAVANNAHSTEELE.COM, MYSPACE.COM/SAVANNAH.STEELE

This is a column dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

"If I didn't love attention so much, I'd just be another bored housewife," reckons this standout newcomer, whose "positive, outgoing and full of life" personality peppers her skin-mag debut. "I wanted to see what this stirred up at my age."

Stirring things up is one of the shapely travel buff's specialties. "Whenever I leave the house, I want to look my best," Savannah reveals. "I dreaded the idea of hitting 40, so being able to turn heads now is a rush. But maybe I cross the line sometimes. I'm the only team mom who wears heels to the field!"

As a matter of fact, Savannah admits that her only other "freaky trait" is "keeping my heels on during sex." Truly ravenous, the 5-foot-2 bombshell exults, "I feel more sexually charged now than I did in my late teens and early 20s. I especially enjoy the spark and energy that younger men and women emit in the bedroom. A few years ago I stopped being bi-curious. I don't have a hair-color preference, but I love being dominated by sexy females with big boobs. Thank goodness I get to play with mine all the time!"

Rounding out her disparate playtime résumé, Savannah confides, "I love working out, laying out naked in the backyard (no tan lines!) and visiting strip clubs in other cities and getting lap dances from all the sexy women. I also love snuggling in front of the TV while watching Sunday football, *Nip/Tuck*, *Swingtown* or porn."

Eager to become a popular Web hottie, Ms. Steele is already a true-blue exhibitionist. "At a swingers club," she recalls, "I had sex with four other women as their men and others watched! I've also had sex against my SUV in a parking lot next to a busy street and at the end of a pier."

That would have made a nice ending but not at the expense of Savannah's ultimate fantasy: "I'd love to be in a sex video with Pamela Anderson, Jenna Jameson, Michelle Rodriguez and [XXX performer] Julian Rios."

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*.

PHOTOS BY FRIEND

EVAN THE CAPTAIN KIRK OF XXX

PHOTOS FROM *THIS AIN'T STAR TREK XXX #2: THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT* COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

HOW HARD-CORE'S MOST DEPENDABLE STUD KEEPS UP THE GOOD WORK.

STONE

IF EVAN STONE SEEMS TO POP UP in every other porn flick you throw into your DVD player, there's a good reason: The ubiquitous cocksman has over 2,500 of them under his belt. That's more movies than mainstream Hollywood put out in the past five years. At this point Stone has gotten more pussy than probably any other single male on the planet. Somehow we convinced the 45-year-old performer to stop screwing long enough to chat with us.

HUSTLER: You play Captain Kirk in our *This Ain't Star Trek XXX* parodies. What would William Shatner say about your performance?

EVAN STONE: He'd say my performance was right up there with him because I stole everything from watching him on the series. I did everything I assumed he fantasized about, which was to have sex with every female character in the cast. I'm such a Shatner fan that if he wanted to replace me in the next parody sequel, I'd be happy to step aside.

Do the men matter in porn?

Of course not! They're sexual props. Meat puppets I call them. Our job is to showcase the girls so they look good on camera. I work as much as I do because I show up on time, don't do drugs and can act my way out of a paper bag. All the female talent want to work with me—except my ex-wife, Jessica Drake—because I'm a fun, nonthreatening guy to be around.

When you work with a new girl, what do you want her to do?

Be comfortable with herself. I can't concentrate on my job if I have to tell her how to do everything. A lot of the companies with contract girls have me work with their new talent because I know what I'm doing. I just tell the girls to relax and that I'm going to position them so the camera will see them at their best. It's like a wrestling match that's fake. If you don't fight where the other person is leading you, then everything will work out fine.

Do you ever worry about being too old to do porn?

There's always a fear that a new kid on the block is sneaking up on you. Or that someday a fresh starlet will refuse to have sex with me because I'm too old. (*Laughs, mimics a starlet's voice.*) "I've got to wait till Evan gets out of his wheelchair in order to fuck him? My grandfather moves faster than that old fart!"

As I get older, producers are putting me in older parts like attorneys or dads, which require a certain amount of actual acting; so this should make me stick around longer.

Do you ever fear burning out or not being able to get it up?

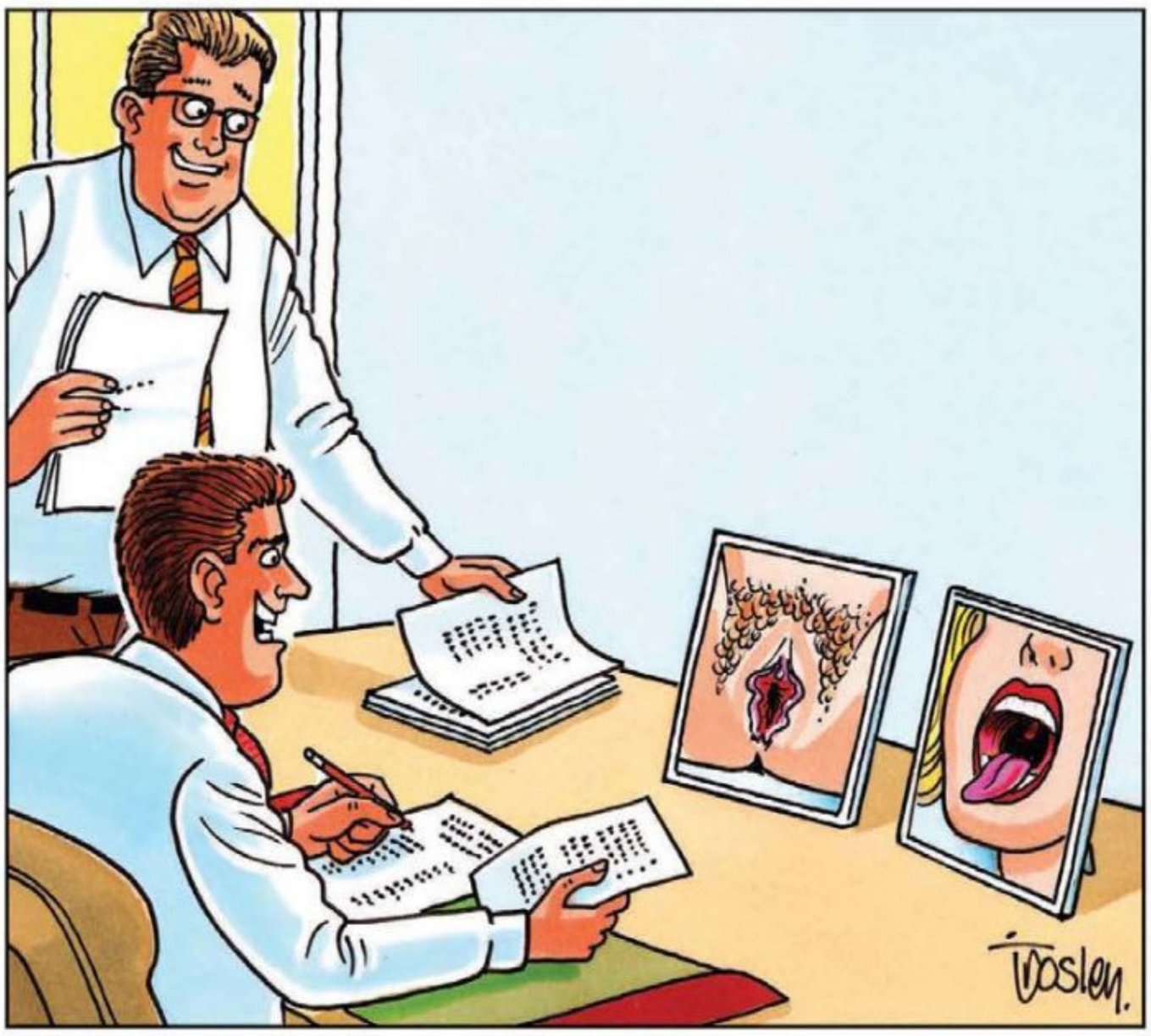
Sure. When I got into the business back when dinosaurs ruled Earth, I noticed the old guys would burn out after ten years because they were only in it for the sex. I avoid burning out because I rarely work with the same girls twice, don't hang out with them away from the set and don't do anything artificial to keep or get an erection. That way the sex is exciting to me—like it is when you pick someone up in a bar, knowing you'll never see each other again. Since I also get paid to do this, I'm truly living the American Dream!

Will free Internet porn kill the adult industry?

Nah. They see every baby born as a potential customer. The problem is anyone with a camera today can make a porn film, and most of the gonzo stuff isn't worth watching!

Porn will always have an audience, from homes to hotels, but the large-budget porn

PHOTOS FROM *RAWHIDE II: DIRTY DEEDS* COURTESY ADAM & EVE PICTURES



"Yes, pictures of your loved ones help get you through the day..."

films will definitely be the foundation of the industry's future. The business does need more female stars, especially those who can get mainstream press.

Can mainstream filmmakers create a truly erotic movie?

The problem is the mainstream directors don't know how to shoot sex. Actors in mainstream movies are also too uptight, too mannered and too mechanical to let it all hang out on the big screen.

Can you imagine the first mainstream 3-D film that calls for the actors to get naked? (*Laughs.*) I've never seen a so-called sex scene in a mainstream movie where a sheet wasn't carefully placed on an actor's private parts, and the sweat didn't look like it was sprayed on just before the director yelled "Action!" Gimme a break, Hollywood. Or at least give me an erection!

Is there competition between veteran performers like yourself and new male talent?

The newbies, who are generally real cocky, are always encountering ways concocted by me and my peers to make them fail. We'll intensely watch them do their sex scenes, or we'll call them up and tell them to go to a different location from where we're filming. These newbies bring their bags of Viagra and other drugs to get them hard, so we hide their stash before they have to do the scene. We give them bad advice on each girl's needs, key their cars, make fun of their pathetic erections and do almost anything to make them lose focus. (*Laughs.*) Hey man, that's why they call it the adult industry!

What are new girls coming into the business doing wrong?

The first thing they do wrong is getting with an agent. Agents would be fine if they just did their jobs. I don't know how many times I've been on a set, and everyone's waiting for the girl to show up while her agent is telling a producer lies as to why she's not there. Once a girl knows who the players are in the industry, she doesn't need an agent. The new girls don't realize you have to be aggressive in the business, constantly making the rounds and showing yourself at the main companies. In this economy each so-called porn star should realize there are at least 50 new girls in town who want their job and not take any Web site hits or media requests as a sign they've got it made.

The second most important thing for a new girl is not to have a boyfriend. Unless he has his head together, which they rarely do, the boyfriend is going to go berserk the first time he sees his old lady fucking a stranger on camera and discovering that she likes it! Then he demands she only do girl/girl scenes, which will cut out more than half her income, and almost instantly no veteran filmmaker or male talent will want to work with her. New girls, just tell your suitcase pimp to shut up and carry your bags!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

How to Pick Your Porn Name

CINDY HOPE & DANNY MOUNTAIN

Picking a porn name is the most important decision an aspiring adult performer can make. Having a unique moniker is supposed to distinguish the newbie from other upcoming stars competing for attention in porn fans' ever-full spank banks.

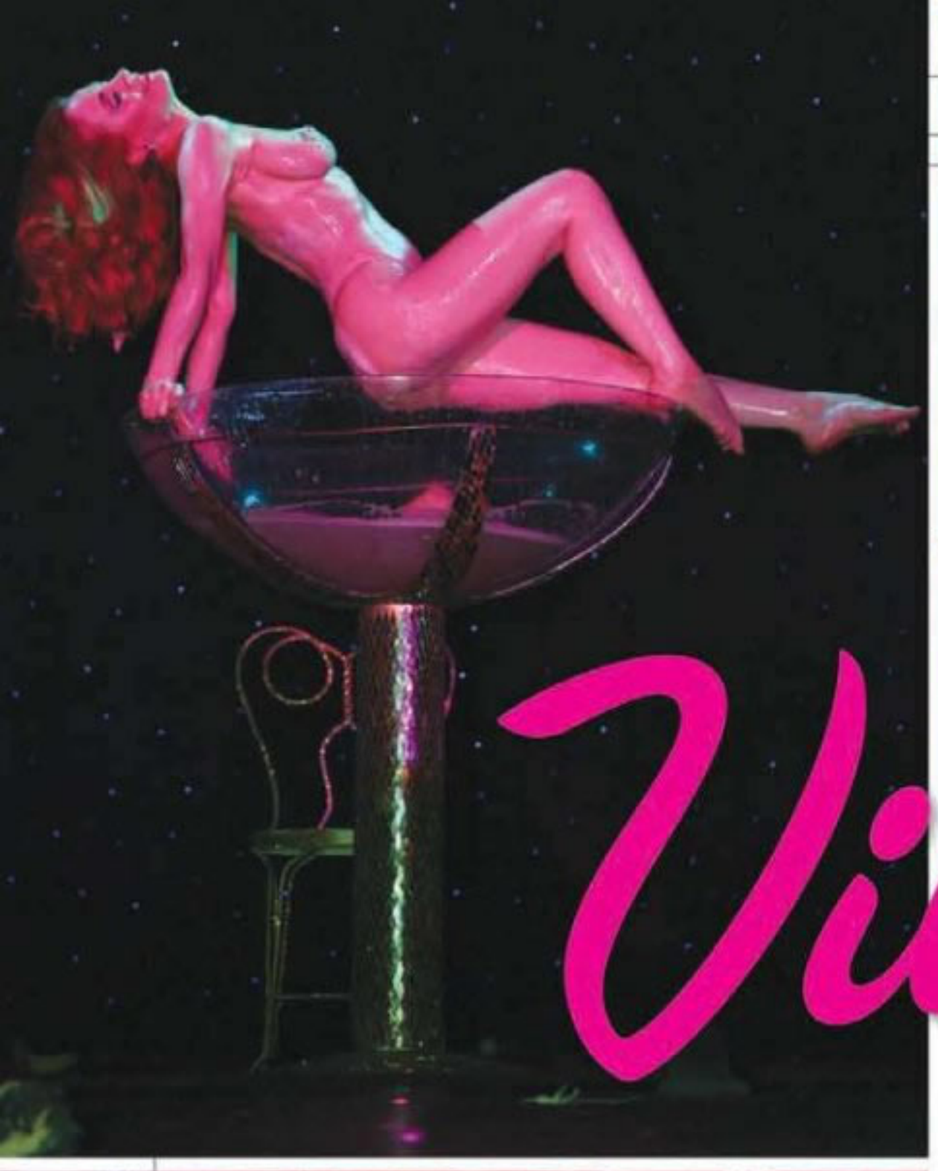
Wait! You really didn't know that most people in the XXX business use pseudonyms? Are you serious? You thought Jenna Jameson, Tera Patrick and Sunny Lane were all born with those perfectly sexy names? Sorry to ruin the fantasy for you, but their noms de porn (like most of their boobs) are fake.

Take this here pictorial. Do you really believe the chick is named **Cindy Hope**? Really? She's from Hungary, for Christ's sake. Her birth name is actually an unpronounceable grouping of Z's and M's with an umlaut at the end. The only shocking part is she didn't spell Cindy as Sindee.

And we can't imagine her partner's last name is **Mountain**. The only guys with that one are weathermen—and we're pretty sure they made it up as well. Wait, really? The dude's last name *is* **Mountain**? We don't believe it.

How would you pick your own porn name? There's a very simple formula: The first part is usually that of a childhood pet. Perfect if you had a dog named Duke; not so good if you had a hamster named Squeaky. The last part can come from the street you grew up on. Again, great if it was something like Arrow, Pierce or Loveland. On the other hand, thoroughfares like Skank Way, Limp Circle or Chlamydia Court may not work for you.

Now that you have the perfect formula for a porn name, remember to avoid overused monikers like Pete, Rod or Spike. And, guys, no matter how cool you think it sounds, Bent Nail is a lousy porn name.



Viva LAS VE

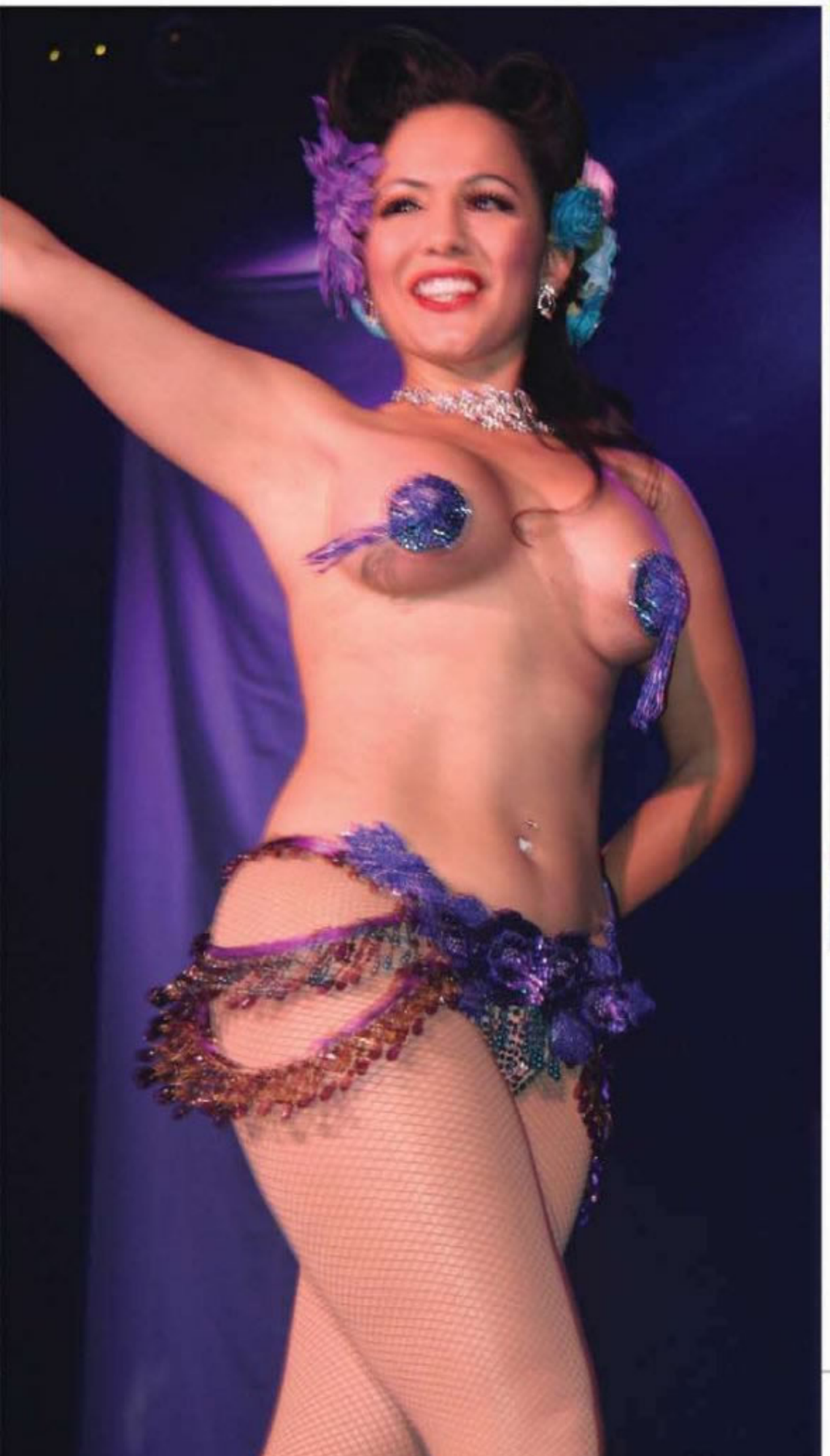
FOUR DAYS OF CHROME, ROCKABILLY, DOLLAR SHOTS AND GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS.

WHEN ROCKABILLY RADIO DJ TOM INGRAM MOVED TO THE STATES in the late 1990s, the British expatriate had one question kicking around in his mind: Where could he put on a music festival offering never-ending booze, girls taking off their clothes and classic cars lined up as far as the eye can see? Vegas, baby!

Launched in 1998, the Viva Las Vegas Rockabilly Weekend draws crowds from all over the world eager to relive the fabulous '50s, when it was all about cool cats and hot Betties. The 13th installment boasted dozens of bands and a headline performance by the original badass of rock 'n' roll, Chuck Berry. At 83 the duckwalking pioneer can still play guitar just like ringin' a bell.

PHOTOS BY MIKETAFPHOTO.COM, ADDITIONAL PHOTOS BY CELESTE GONZALEZ

GAS



Outside VLV's new digs, The Orleans Hotel & Casino, visitors could gaze at hundreds of buffed vintage cars gleaming in the desert sun. Featuring everything from Ford shoeboxes to Buick Specials and Chevy Bel Airs, the sea of fins and streamlined chrome reminded wheel freaks what real custom American car design is all about.

Meanwhile, women as curvy as the autos draped themselves over fenders and vinyl seats. With their wasp waists, wide hips and hairsprayed 'dos, the retro dolls confirmed that the legacy of such pinup queens as Bettie Page and Marilyn Monroe is alive and well. A highlight of the car show was an appearance by the reigning Queen of Burlesque, Dita Von Teese, who obliged fans by signing autographs and posing for pics.

Viva Las Vegas's most popular attraction began as an accident. Mastermind Tom Ingram recalls that after having a burlesque troupe perform at the first Rockabilly Weekend, he recognized that half-naked girls and $1 Jäger shots added up to a no-brainer. Hence the Burlesque Competition was introduced, and it's grown by leaps and bounds. Now touted as the world's largest burlesque show, the festivities are preceded by a teaser program that gives gawkers a taste of what's to come the following evening. Highlighting this year's showcase were prime bump 'n' grind routines by neo-burlesque artists Indigo Blue, Jo Weldon and legendary shaker Satan's Angel.

Once again, the Burlesque Competition lived up to its naughty reputation. Among the hopefuls taking the stage were G-string divas Kitty Crimson, Delilah and Ursula Undress. But sauntering away with the title of Miss Viva Las Vegas 13 was the inimitable Ruby Champagne, who dazzled the judges in a pageant rife with strategic pasty malfunctions and ruffled boa feathers.

For more, check out **VivaLasVegas.net**.

VIVA LAS VEGAS

RUB HER THE RIGHT WAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

CHIKITA

Thousands of miles from HUSTLER headquarters, sitting in her cottage beneath an ominous cloud of volcanic ash, is the breathtaking newcomer **Chikita**. Speaking to us via telephone from the Czech Republic, she recounts her first time with a very unlikely partner. "I discovered sex at an early age and very accidentally," **Chikita** begins lightheartedly.

"My job was to sweep up our home with this big wooden broom while my parents were at work," **Chikita** continues. "One day I accidentally hit myself in the vagina with the broom handle. It stung a bit but in a good way. While rubbing my pussy to make it feel better, I experienced a tingling sensation I never had known before. Then I had my first orgasm. After that I began to rub myself on a daily basis."

What kind of man does bosomy **Chikita** like to rub against? "I like big hands," she answers. "Obviously! But more importantly, he should be fun. I like to go out and party. You know, really live life. It's nice when you find someone who shares that same sense of adventure. And who says it has to be a man? I'm open, and I'm easy. Wait, that sounds wrong."

No, **Chikita**, it sounds very right.

CHIKITA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Jihlava, Czech Republic | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 118

xoxo, Chikita
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SEPTEMBER 2010
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Looking for wasteful practices, an IRS auditor met with a hospital's CEO to inspect its books. "You must have a lot of leftover bandages and plaster after working on patients," the taxman noted. "What do you do with all the extra stuff?"

"We bundle everything up and return it to the manufacturer," the sharp administrator responded. "Every now and then we receive a shipment of bandages and plaster at no cost."

"I see," the impressed auditor huffed. Thinking he could corner the cagey CEO, the auditor added, "You must have a lot of leftover foreskins after circumcisions too. What do you do with them?"

The hospital's head honcho looked at the auditor and stated, "We save all the little bits of foreskin and send them to IRS headquarters. At least once a year it sends us a complete dick."

Question: What's the difference between a computer and a wife?

Answer: You only have to punch information into a computer once.

Bob went to the welfare office to sign up his dog. At first the lady at the counter said animals weren't eligible for benefits. Then Bob explained, "My dog is unemployed, lazy, can't speak a lick of English and has no fucking idea who his daddy is." Bob's pooch is now on the welfare rolls.

HUSTLER Query: How come there are only two major Presidential candidates but over 50 Miss America babes to choose from?

Little Billy barged into his parents' bedroom and caught his old man slapping on a condom. As the boy's mother quickly ducked under the covers, the startled dad dropped to the floor and began crawling around in an attempt to hide his amorous intentions.

"Whatcha' doing, Dad?" the youngster asked sheepishly.

"I thought I saw a mouse run under the bed," his father cleverly replied. "You know how your mom hates mice."

"Gee, Dad, what are you gonna do if you catch it?" the lad wanted to know. "Fuck it to death?!"

The latest telephone poll taken by the California Governor's Office asked whether people who live in the Golden State believe that illegal immigration is a serious problem. Twenty-nine percent responded, "Yes, it's a serious problem."

The other 71% responded, "*No, no es un problema serio.*"

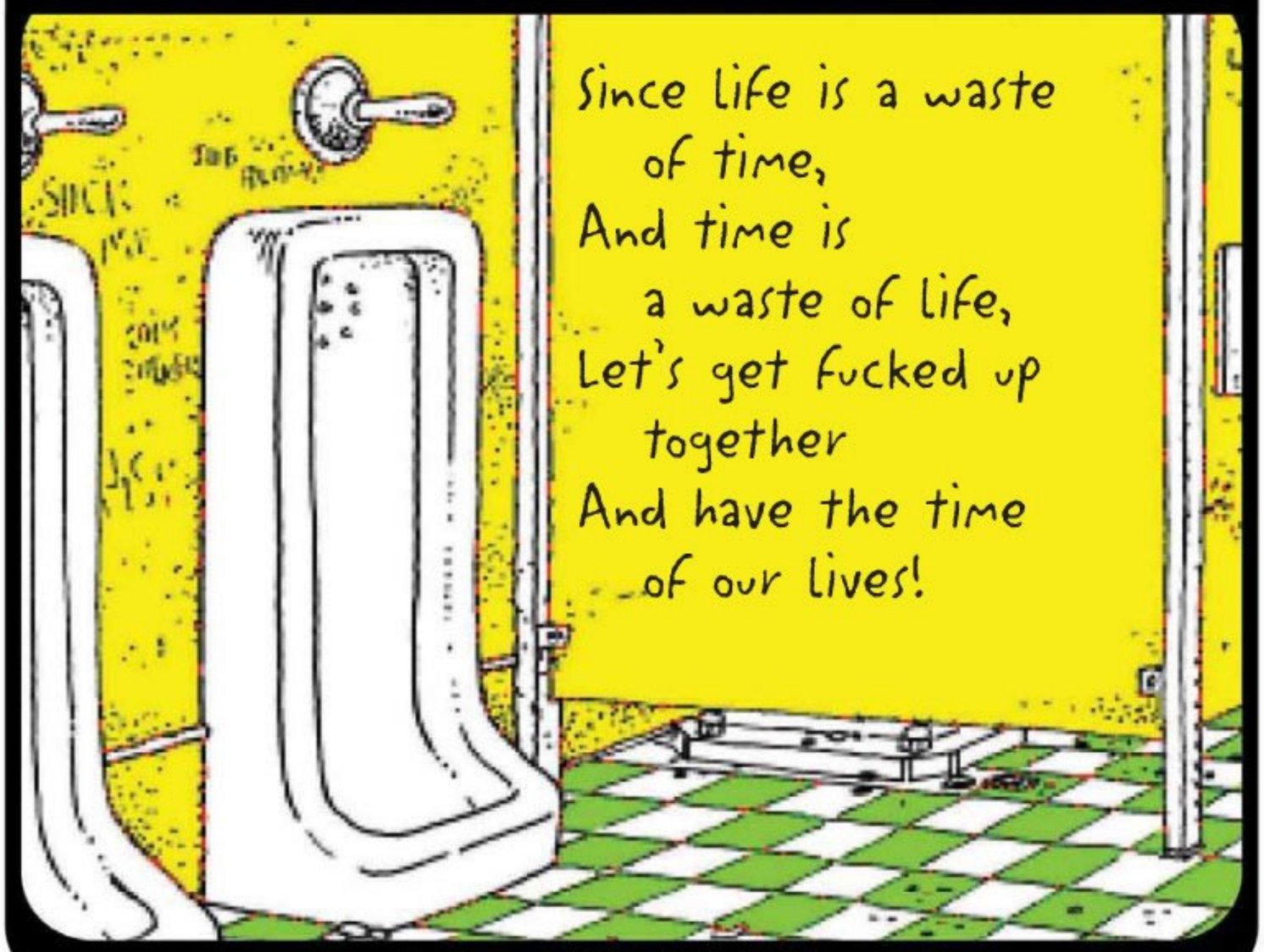
HUSTLER Query: Why is it when your wife or girlfriend gets pregnant, all her friends rub her belly and say, "Congratulations!" But no one rubs your dick and goes, "Good job!"

A speeding bus full of incredibly ugly people crashed into an oncoming truck, and all 40 of them were killed instantly. As they stood before God in Heaven he felt sorry for making them ugly in the first place and for their dying so horribly. So he decided to grant each person a wish. One by one, they all chose to be good-looking.

Meanwhile, the ugly bus passenger at the end of the line was laughing his ass off. The wishes continued as God made all of the ugly people good-looking. Eventually he reached the man at the end of the line, who was still in a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "What will your wish be, my son?" God humbly asked.

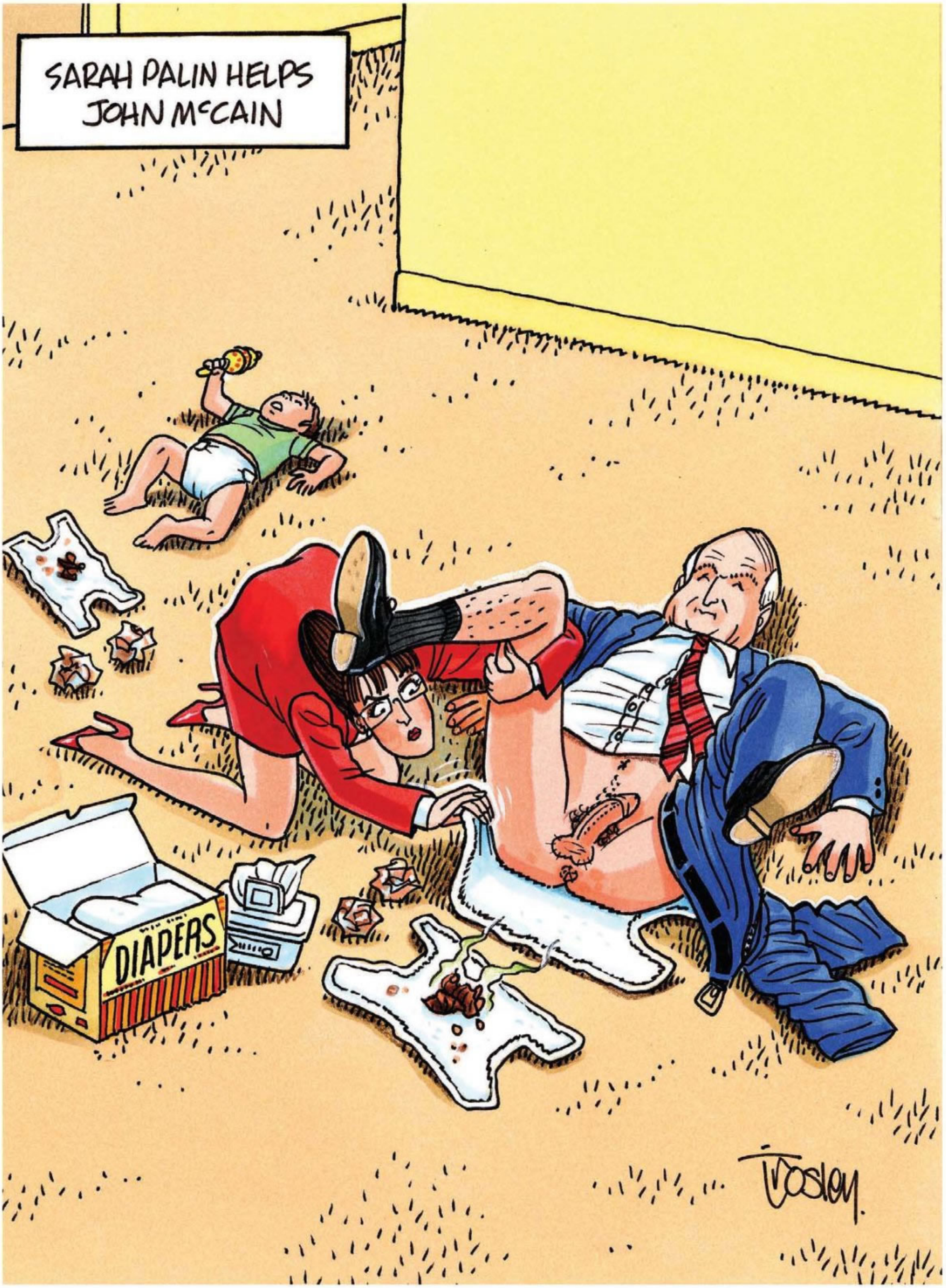
"Make 'em all ugly again!" the wise guy managed to cry out.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Robert C.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.


SARAH PALIN HELPS JOHN McCAIN
DIAPERS

BY CHRISTOPHER KETCHAM

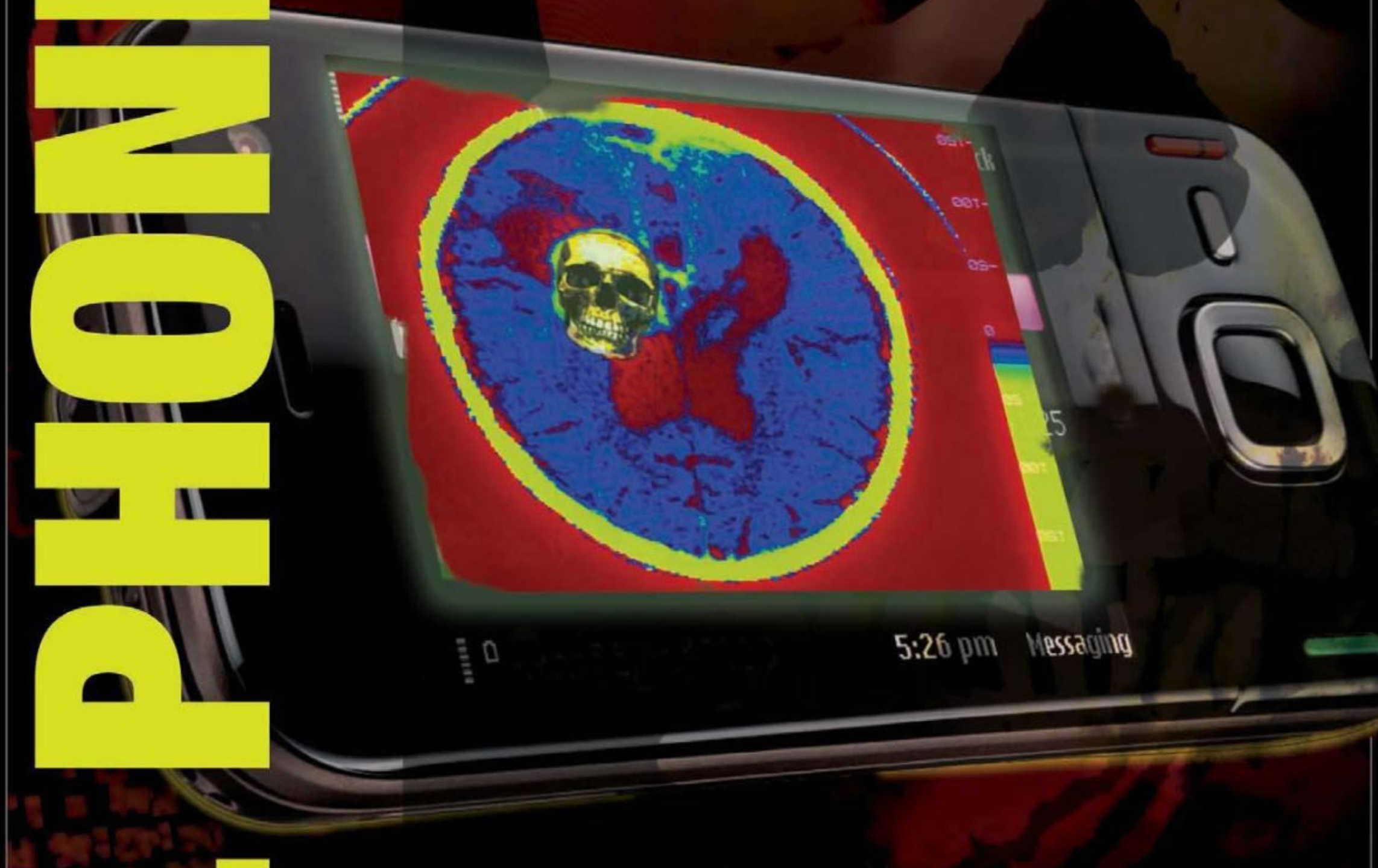
THE THREE

DEADLIEST

PHONES

OF

CELL



USERS AND NONUSERS ALIKE ARE BEING ZAPPED WITH MICROWAVES THAT RESEARCHERS LINK TO BIRTH DEFECTS, DEMENTIA, STERILITY, BRAIN TUMORS AND OTHER HEALTH HAZARDS.

EAT IS REAL

CONSIDER THIS STORY: It's January 1990, during the early days of mobile phone service. A cell tower goes up 800 feet from the house of Alison Rall in Mansfield, Ohio, where she and her husband farm 160 acres. The first thing the Rall family notices is that the ducks on their land lay eggs that don't hatch. That spring there are no ducklings. By the fall of 1990 the cattle herd, pastured near the tower, is sickened. The cows are thin, their ribs showing, their coats growing rough, their behavior weird; they're agitated, nervous.

Soon the impregnated cows are aborting spontaneously, and so are female goats. Many of the offspring that do go to term are born deformed. There are goats with webbed necks, goats with front legs shorter than their hind legs. One calf in the womb has a tumor the size of a basketball; another carries a tumor three feet in diameter. This calf is so big, Rall and a veterinarian must cut open the mother to get the newborn out alive. The vet records the nightmare in her log: "I've never seen anything like this in my entire practice…. All of [this] I feel was a result of the cellular tower."

Within six months the Ralls' three young children begin suffering bizarre skin rashes, raised red "hot spots." The kids are hit with waves of hyperactivity; they can't concentrate on schoolwork. One occasionally spins in circles like a whirling dervish. The girls lose hair. Alison Rall is soon pregnant, but she can't gain weight. Her son is born with brittle bones and neurological problems that fit no specific syndrome. Rall's other children, conceived prior to the arrival of the tower, had been born healthy.

In a panic, desperate to understand what is happening to her family and her livestock, Rall calls the Environmental Protection Agency. She ends up talking to EPA research scientist Carl F. Blackman, an expert on the biological effects of electromagnetic microwave radiation. (EMR is what carries radio signals between cell towers and users' phones.) "With my government cap on, I'm supposed to tell you you're perfectly safe," Blackman says to her. "With my civilian cap on, I have to tell you to consider leaving."

The EPA scientist's warning falls like a cloud on Alison Rall and her family. When the cell phone company operating the tower refuses to address their complaints—"You're probably in the safest place in America," it assures them—they give up.

[Cell phone microwaves have even been linked to sperm die-offs in male users. (Guys should think again about attaching their cell phone to a belt or tucking it in a pants pocket.)]

The Ralls abandoned the farm on Christmas Day 1992 and never resold it, refusing to subject anyone else to the hell they experienced. Within weeks after fleeing to a house and land the family owned in Michigan, the children recovered their health, and so did their livestock.

Not a single scientist I spoke to could adequately explain what happened on the Rall farm. It was a marked instance where science could not describe the new reality of a planet bathed in electromagnetic microwave radiation. Worldwide, 4.5 billion people use mobile phones, and millions of transmission towers dot the landscape.

Yet studies today are explaining much about this radiation, and what we now know is chilling. There are reports linking cell phone hand-set use to "brain-aging," early onset of Alzheimer's and senility. Other reports attribute children's behavioral and learning problems to cell phone use by their mothers during pregnancy.

Cell phone microwaves have even been linked to sperm die-offs in male users. (Guys should think again about attaching their cell phone to a belt or tucking it in a pants pocket.) Neuro-oncologist Leif Salford, chairman of the Department of Neurosurgery at Sweden's Lund University, has found that mobile phone radiation actually kills brain cells in rats, especially those associated with memory and learning.

The brain damage occurred after an exposure of just two hours. Conducting research that has been duplicated by labs in a number of countries, Salford also found that cell phone microwaves cause holes to appear in the barrier between a rat's circulatory system and the brain. This allows toxic molecules from the blood to leach into the ultrastable environment of the brain. One of the potential outcomes, Salford notes, is dementia.

Still other bizarre effects have been reported using human subjects. Two years ago neuroscientists at Australia's Swinburne University of Technology discovered a "power boost" in brain waves when volunteers were exposed to cell phone microwave frequencies. Researchers strapped Nokia phones to their subjects' heads, then turned the devices on and off. On: Brain went into defense mode. Off: Brain settled. One of the lead researchers explained the effect thusly: The brain is "concentrating to overcome the electrical interference in brain circuits caused by the pulsed microwave radiation."

In 2007 at England's Loughborough University, sleep specialists found a similar kind of interference with brain functioning. After 30 minutes of cell phone use,

ble-strand breaks in DNA, resulting in possible genetic mutations passed down for generations. If microwaves can be genotoxic, this leads to the big question: Do cell phones cause cancer?

According to the preliminary results of a 13-country study sponsored by the International Agency for Research on Cancer, the answer is probably yes. Researchers in Sweden concluded that after a decade of cell phone use, the chance of getting a brain tumor—specifically on the side of the head where the phone is primarily placed—goes up as much as 40% for adults. Scientists elsewhere reported a nearly 300% increased risk of acoustic neuroma, a benign tumor that develops on the nerve connecting the ear to the brain. In 2009 other Swedish researchers concluded that there was a 420% increased risk of brain cancer for those who started using a cell phone as teenagers or earlier.

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It's notable that just about all the recent breakthrough studies of health risks associated with cell phones have emanated from labs and institutions overseas. That's because in this country two powerhouses—the telecom behemoths and the military-industrial complex—have teamed up to pressure U.S. scientists not to pursue this kind of research.

The military's interest? Air defense, missile control and naval navigation systems—manufactured by contractors such as Raytheon, Boeing, GE and Westinghouse—depend on the unregulated use of radar. As it happens, radar utilizes some of the same microwave frequencies as cell phones. Scientists like Carl Blackman at the EPA have been the targets of this pressure.

Blackman tells me that in the early 1980s his research into microwaves was killed because of the Reagan Administration's obsession with the Star Wars missile defense system, which became a multibillion-dollar boondoggle. "Star Wars was dependent on high-powered radars," says Blackman. The military and its contractors "didn't want any research showing that radar could be a biological hazard."

More than a decade later, in 1996, the EPA's Office of Indoor Air and Radiation reported that it hoped to develop exposure guidelines regarding microwaves—guidelines that would apply both to industry and the military. According to a veteran EPA scientist who spoke with me anonymously, representatives from Raytheon and the telecom industry immediately met with the office director at Indoor Air and Radiation. He said they "basically raised hell" with regard to "anything that would generate a degree of uncertainty about exposure levels. They were nasty and insulting. I assume they were threatening to go to Congress to cut EPA's budget. That was on a Friday. The following Monday the office director told us, 'Well, this effort is stopping right now. We can't go forward.'"

Elected officials have been equally pliant. At the same time the EPA's guideline program was being shut down, Congress was debating and tweaking the language for legislation soon to be known as the Telecommunications Act of 1996. The TCA was the result, in part, of tens of millions of dollars in political

their subjects required twice the time to fall asleep as they did when not using one before bedtime. EEGs showed an unmistakable disturbance of the brain waves regulating sleep.

Then there's the issue of DNA damage. In 2007 Austrian researchers reported that cell phone radiation can induce dou-

PHOTO CREDIT

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contributions and lobbying largesse from the telecom industry. The drafters of the bill even inserted a rider that specifically prohibits citizens from opposing the siting of cell towers "on the basis of the environmental effects of radio frequency emissions."

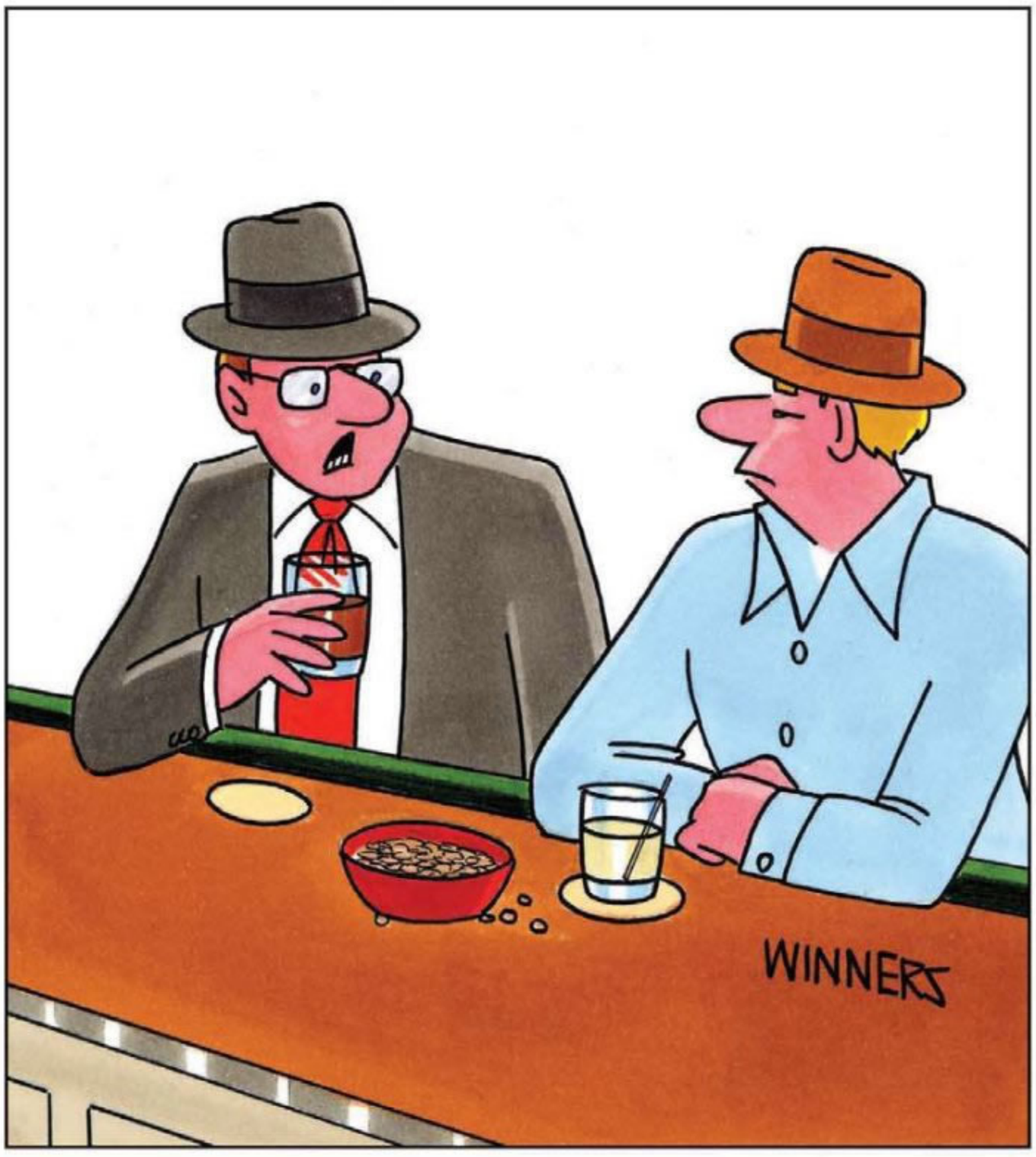
This was a stunning windfall for the industry: There could be no litigation to oppose cell towers even if their emissions make you sick. One wonders why the cell phone industry sought this legal indemnity in the first place. Perhaps it was thinking of people like Alison Rall; perhaps the health risks were known all along.

What's needed now is a serious subpoena-powered investigation by Congress. Force the military to answer questions about its suppression of the EPA's scientific research. Subpoena telecom executives to discuss the studies coming out of Europe, just as tobacco execs were forced to testify on the risks of cigarettes. We know from past experience that corporate industry in America has deceived the public to protect its products. Big Tobacco suppressed data about the dangers of smoking. Ditto the manufacturers of asbestos, DDT and Agent Orange.

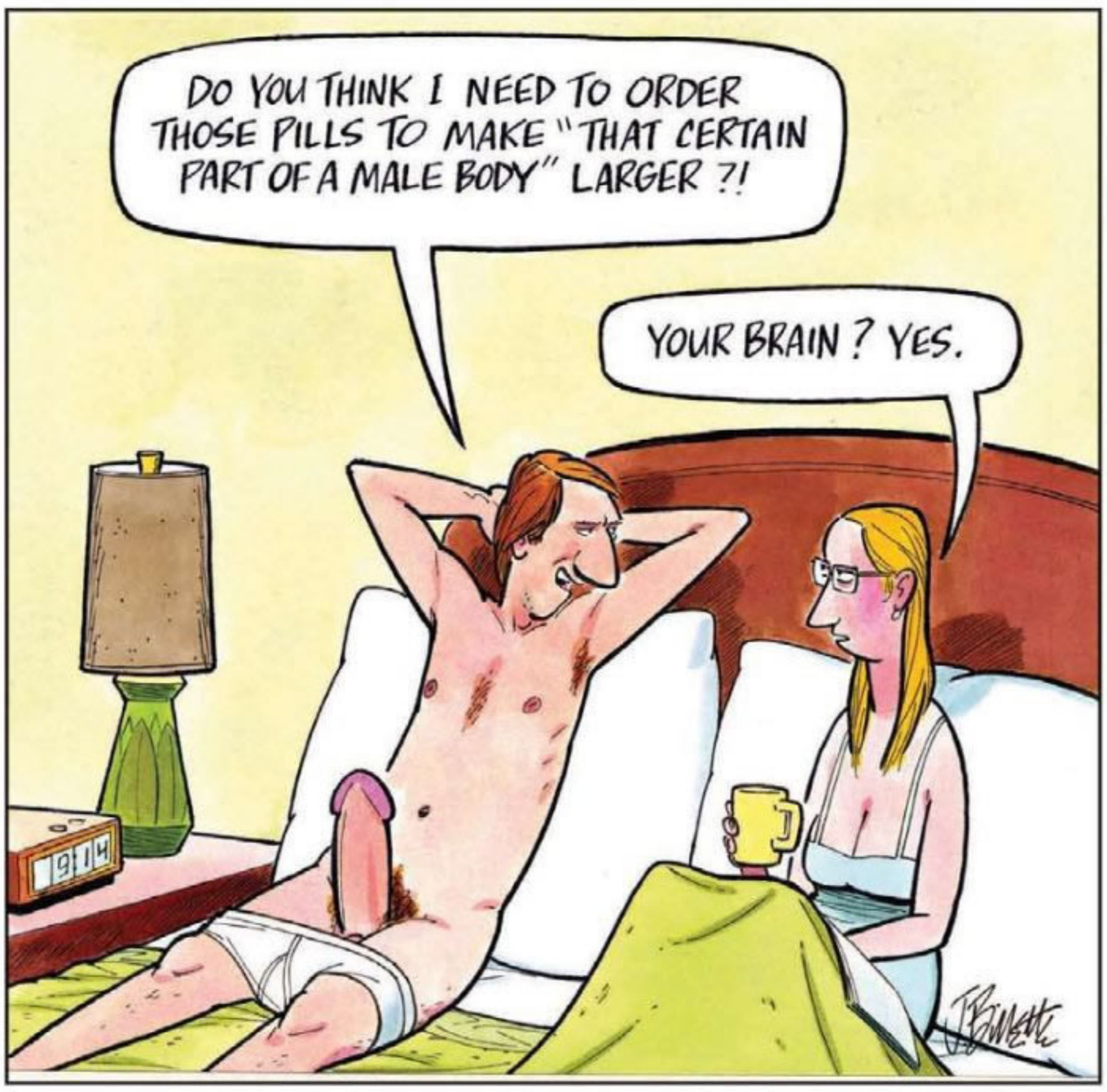
Don't bet on Congress taking action. In September 2009 nothing substantive resulted when U.S. Senator Arlen Specter (D-Pennsylvania) held limited hearings on the links between cell phone use and brain tumors. All Specter had to say was: "We just don't know what the answer is. Precautions may not be a bad idea."

Meanwhile, the governments of Israel, Belgium, Germany, Russia, Finland, India and other nations *are* taking precautions, publicly discouraging use of cell phones by children. France went so far as to issue a generalized national cell phone health warning, banning the devices in elementary schools and readying legislation that makes it illegal to even market them to children. Swedish neuro-oncologist Leif Salford has called the unregulated use of cell phones "the largest human biological experiment ever." Salford, like many others studying the issue, rightly wonders if epidemiologists will one day look back to find that the magic of cell phone technology ended up sickening, if not killing, much of the human race.

New York-based investigative reporter Christopher Ketcham writes for *Vanity Fair*, *GQ*, *Harper's*, Salon.com and many other magazines and Web sites. More of his work can be found at **ChristopherKetcham.com**. He can be reached at **cKetcham99@Mindspring.com**.



"In this country all men are created equal, unless you're gay, black or don't agree with me."



SCREEN NAME:

Pink Arsenal

AGE: 26

STATUS: DIVORCED

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 521

LOCATION: FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

URL: MYSPACE.COM/MICHELLEVARGAS83

Born and raised in Cali, Colombia, Michelle Vargas was an only child with an extremely strict mother. Thankfully, though, the budding hottie was allowed to wear whatever she wanted. "I was the biggest dress code violator at school and was always sent home for my clothing being too short or too tight or for showing too much cleavage," the MySpace aficionada recalls with a playful laugh.

Michelle eventually left South America, moving on her own to Florida, where the natural-born exhibitionist pursues her dream of becoming a model. Also an aspiring fashion designer, she set up her own company, Pink Arsenal, which offers custom-made swimwear, jewelry and clothing. "Eventually I want to have my own boutique and expand Pink Arsenal all over the world," Michelle says.

One thing's for sure: It's not all work and no play for this alluring entrepreneur. In addition to fishing, boating, snowboarding, camping and four-wheeling, Michelle finds plenty of time to satiate her demanding libido. "My biggest turn-on is having a man on top of me with big shoulders," she confides. "I love big hands, a beautiful smile and gorgeous eyes. Looking at a woman's body and touching it is very sexy too, especially boobs. Men have dicks, so of course they feel the greatest and are always going to be the best for me."

When Michelle finally decides to settle down, she hopes to find a man who is family-oriented, ambitious and a lover of animals and the outdoors. "Most importantly," the sexy señorita insists, "he has to love me no matter what and give me unconditional love forever."

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #44

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or e-mail ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY OSCAR RABIERO

MITCH FATEL
VAGINA IS MAGICAL

We recently caught up with one of David Letterman's favorite comics to talk about pussy, fat girls at zoos and the Comedy Central standup special *Mitch Fatel Is Magical* (now on DVD).

HUSTLER: Did you get into comedy just to get pussy?

MITCH FATEL: I did. I knew when I was very young that I liked girls. All the other boys used to play dodgeball during recess while I used to play house with the girls. I used to play the husband. All the other fourth- and fifth-graders would say that I was gay because I used to hang out with the girls. I used to say to them, "You guys are throwing big red balls at each others' faces, and I've got six wives. Who's the gay one?"

Very early on I learned that if I was cute and funny, the girls would let me play with them and let me kiss them. I know now that my career is just an adult version of that. I make girls laugh, and they let me touch their vaginas.

I used to feel guilty telling people I got into comedy for girls. Then one day I saw an interview with Billy Joel, who is arguably one of the most talented people in the world, and he said he started playing piano because he wanted to get girls. I remember thinking to myself, *Well, if Billy Joel can admit it….* If tomorrow all women suddenly went crazy and decided that they loved accountants, I think guys would rush to become accountants. I would become an accountant.

What is the difference between comedy groupies and road ass?

There are two types of groupies. Rock star groupies are the prime, the top. Comedy groupies always have a little something off about them. They're really hot, but they have only one arm. Or they have skin conditions. Road ass is anything that's available on a Sunday night because it's either that or watching porn alone back at the hotel.

Have you ever fucked a one-armed groupie or a chick with bad skin?

I had a deaf girl once. I did a comedy tour in 2000, and it was lonely—weeks and weeks of loneliness. There was this deaf girl, and she was hot. I remember thinking, *I don't think a deaf girl's vagina is any different.*

Tell us about your first standup gig.

The first time I ever performed was when I did a magic show for my sister's grammar school. I ended up peeing all over myself—not a pretty sight. First time I did standup was when I was 15. I used to put on *Incredible Hulk* pajamas and say that I had to get up early for school the next day. I did well…for the first two minutes. Then I died.

What was your best standup gig ever?

The first time I did the *Letterman* show in 1996. I remember I was standing on the side right before he brought me out. I had watched him on TV my entire childhood, and suddenly I was there in this magic box with him. I remember looking at him and feeling the happiest I'd ever felt in my life.

How about your worst gig?

It was at Caroline's Comedy Club in New York City. They had an urban night, which is a nice way of saying "Black People Night." They have a lot of black comics and a black audience. They don't really like white people that much. I had stopped by just to see a friend, and they said, "Hey, want to do some time?" Now I know I didn't really want to go on because it was not my audience. But of course, because I believe in life we need to do things that make you uncomfortable, I went on.

For pretty much the entire set there was a laser pointer on my forehead that people thought was a gun. I was booed. I actually stayed up there and said, "I am not going to leave until everybody stops booing. I'll just keep doing my act." I shouldn't say it was the worst [gig] because it was the most proud of myself I've ever been. I did my time, and I came off. Any comic who would walk off when being booed is a pussy and not meant for this business.

Is it necessary to have endured a horrible childhood to become a successful comedian?

You wouldn't go into the business of comedy if you had a good childhood. What I learned is you have this vision of what being famous and successful in show business is when you're a little kid. Then the reality hits you that you're going to get shit on for the rest of your life. Unless you have such a need and a depraved empty soul that you're willing to go through all the shit.

While all my friends were getting married and having kids and buying houses, I struggled living in a shitty little, roach-infested apartment in New Jersey because I wanted to be a comic so bad. You need to have a bad childhood because you need somehow to fill up that void of love you didn't get. You need that misery.

I worked with Rodney Dangerfield right before he died. Man, he was just a fucked-up guy. You know he liked young comics. I was backstage at the MGM Grand in Vegas. He was mad at me because I had a really cute girl with me. He was there smoking pot, and he had this beautiful young wife. He saw me with my girlfriend and said, "I hate you right now."

I was shocked because I loved Rodney. I said,

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

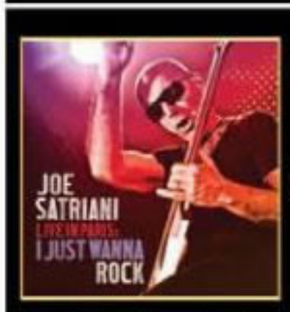
THE DIRTY DOZEN

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

SHELBY LYNNE
Tears, Lies and Alibis
The queen of country heartbreak is back with another sparse and stunning CD. This release finds her ripped up, raw and lonely—feelings that have inspired Lynne's best work. Highlights include the ode to ashtrays and trailer parks titled "Something to Be Said."

SHARON JONES & THE DAP KINGS
I Learned the Hard Way
Yes, Amy Winehouse is the most famous singer in the neo-soul movement, but Sharon Jones is the best. Her silky growl doesn't just sing a song; it lives it. Add in the fact that her band is the best retro-soul collective since Booker T & the MGs, and this CD is a must-have!

SCORPIONS
Stung in the Tail
Say it ain't so! Looking to hang it up after more than three decades of rocking like a hurricane, the Scorpions have decided to go out with a bang. The boys' final studio CD is packed with the trademark licks, pitch-perfect vocals and bombastic drums you expect from Klaus and company. We just hope that during their upcoming three-year farewell tour the Scorps come to their senses and nix retirement.



JOE SATRIANI
Live in Paris: I Just Wanna Rock
Six-string superhero Joe Satriani is at the height of his powers on this sonic live disc. It showcases the shredder ripping through his best-known works at top volume—and speed! A DVD of the unforgettable gig is also available.

GEORGE JONES
The Great Lost Hits
This amazing double-disc release is like finding an old foot locker stuffed with treasures in your grandpa's attic. It contains 34 out-of-print songs from the country legend. If you ain't got some George Jones in your music collection, you ain't got nothin'.

JASON FALKNER
I'm OK, You're OK
West Coast prince of pop Jason Falkner was born too late. Had he been around in the 1960s, he could have been a Beatle, in the '70s one of the Raspberries, or in the '80s a member of Cheap Trick. Like those bands? You'll love Falkner's latest. It's nothing short of godlike pop!

"Why?"

He said, right in front of my girl, "Because you're fucking that girl."

I said, "Yeah, Rodney, but *you've* fucked thousands of women, and I'm just starting." He was so miserable and mad. He came offstage, and he had killed. I said, "That's got to feel pretty good, huh?"

He said, "No, I died." And he was serious. It made me realize that you need that sickness and unhappiness to be a comic. Rock stars need drugs, and comics need to be self-hating.

Was Dangerfield one of your comic heroes?

Ironically, no. As I got older, I respected him. I have three main heroes. The first is Steve Martin—not the actor, the comedian. He did things that had never been done before. People forget that. The second is Howard Stern, who taught me that, as an awkward kid, I didn't have to be cool to be cool. Stern was on the radio with all these girls who wanted to fuck him, and all he talked about was how awkward he was. Stern taught me that, ironically, I was cool by being uncool.

I'm having sex with more girls than I'd ever dreamed of. I have gorgeous girls having threesomes with me, which I'd waited my whole life for. And I wonder, *Why is this happening?* It's because I embraced who I was, and *that's* whom they like. That's all girls want—someone who's real.

My third hero is Letterman. He's a unique, different, smart comedian who I couldn't believe could go on and talk about what he talked about every single day and be true to himself. As a comic, it's your job to do what is true to you.

You've done *Letterman* a bunch of times. Were you shocked by the sex scandal?

No. I don't know why else you'd get into show business if not for pussy. I wasn't surprised at all.

Was the hot chick on your last CD really Loredana Jolie, one of Tiger Woods's purported mistresses?

Yeah. I went out on one date with Loredana and felt her beautiful fake tits, but that was it. I probably should have put more time into her, but she was so annoying. Every now and then you get one girl that you know will be too much work. She was that girl. She's a little nutty. I never thought I'd ever hear from her again. I knew she would go on to big things but didn't know they'd be in Tiger's pants.

Having a comedy special and new DVD titled *Mitch Fatel Is Magical*, what is the most magical thing *you've* ever done?

When I was 12, without a religious upbringing at all, I somehow came to the conclusion that masturbation was wrong. Me of all people. I said to my friend, "Can you believe people masturbate?" We used to talk about how gross it was. By 13 years old I had still not masturbated. Then I started dating a girl. I had heard about sex but had no idea what it was. I had no idea what it felt like to have an orgasm. We used to have these innocent dates where I would read as she scratched my back.

Well, I guess she was wilder than me because one day she just started unbuttoning my pants. I remember thinking to myself, *I think I'm going to get a handjob.* I couldn't believe how lucky I was. Then her mouth started going toward my penis. That moment was the most magical moment of my life.

You've admitted masturbating your way through high school. Was HUSTLER Magazine part of that?

More the HUSTLER videos and *Barely Legal* videos. I was coming of age just as video stores started popping up everywhere. I had a very cool dad who, for some bizarre reason, did everything wrong in my life except the fact that he allowed me to rent porn videos. He actually went to the video store and signed a permission release when I was 15 or 16. That was the one cool thing he ever did. I would go once a week and get three or four videos, mostly HUSTLER titles.

How do you make an ugly girl disappear the morning after sex?

I hate hurting women. I've gone out with women for three extra months because I didn't want to hear them cry. I will suck it up and spend a day at the zoo with a fat girl the next day rather than hurt her feelings. And I've done it. I've walked around zoos with many a fat girl. I've never kicked a woman out of bed and don't think I ever will.

Are you more like magician David Copperfield or Doug Henning?

It has to be Copperfield because the guy has an island where he [allegedly] brings women to rape. The only difference is that I ask women nicely before I have sex with them. (*Laughs.*)

BRUCE KULICK
KISS MY AX

Shortly after Gene Simmons and the rest of KISS stopped wearing face paint in 1984, Bruce Kulick came onboard and remained the heavy metal band's guitarist for 12 years. We met up with the master ax-slinger, who's now part of a reconfigured Grand Funk Railroad, just before the release of his new solo CD *BK3*.

Are you completely done with KISS?

I still have a great relationship with the guys. I played on both their solo records [Paul Stanley's *Live to Win* and Simmons's *Asshole*]. I did a voice-over for *KISSology*. I'm done in the sense that unless they want to go do a *Revenge*-era [1992] tour, I probably won't be gigging with them. They kind of feel more comfortable in the make-up—understandable. That's where the money is. That's the way people see them. They are even comfortable with different members. I wasn't asked to join because the guy who became Ace [Frehley] was there as a stand-in, just in case.

Wasn't Tommy Thayer a guitar tech?

Actually, he played in the band Black 'n Blue. He has a good résumé and is a talented guy. He actually coached Ace before the reunion tour because Ace had his years of being out there. It all made sense for Tommy to walk in once they realized Ace wasn't reliable. The chance could happen again that Ace could go back.

I think Peter [Criss] is probably really done. I don't want to be Ace. I like what I did for the band. Of course we did the old songs, but we were moving forward. They have no plans of moving forward since the *Psycho Circus* thing. I don't think they want to do a new album. They just seem to be one of those iconic bands that people go to see, and that's what they get—a KISS show.

How are you able to get along with Simmons, who is known to be a notorious asshole?

(*Laughs.*) I have his respect, like the way his family in the reality show [*Gene Simmons Family Jewels*] can take the piss out of him. That is more of the Gene that I know from touring. I have had KISS fans approach me and say, "I hate the TV show! That's not Gene; that's not the Demon!" I have to say, "No, that kind of is."

I always told Gene that I love the show because there are people that hate KISS and don't care about him. Then they see him as the hapless rock star dad that kids make fun of, and that makes it a real human thing for him. You have to remember, yeah, he is difficult. He doesn't play that with me too much. He will be really tough on me if I challenge him in the wrong way. We'll disagree, but we have a respectful relationship.

How long have you been working with Grand Funk Railroad?

It's my eighth year touring with Grand Funk. Mark Farner is not in the band, but [drummer/vocalist] Don Brewer and [bassist] Mel Schacher are. You got to remember that Don wrote and sang "We're an American Band." He also sang on "Some Kind of Wonderful" and "I'm a Man." A lot of people don't understand how much he contributed. We obviously have a terrific singer to replace Mark—a guy named Max Carl, who used to be in 38 Special. I took over all the guitar roles.

It was a little bit of a struggle the first year or two without Mark, but we've won over the fans now. Funny thing is I've worked with Mark at the Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy Camps. Many bands carry on. We do an honest-to-goodness, real-high-energy Grand Funk show with all the hits.

Got any groupie stories?

The most fun one was when I was very young, playing up in Madison, Wisconsin. I was actually working with a disco artist named Andrea True. She had that hit "More, More, More." Ironically, I ended up

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

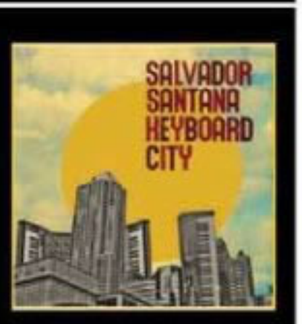
CRASH TEST DUMMIES
Oooh La La

You probably never expected to hear from this group again. The '90s rockers best known for their hit "Mmm Mmm Mmm Mmm" are back with a mellow and melodic CD full of catchy tunes and very little humming. That's a good thing.

GBH
Perfume and Piss

Any wannabe punk who ever walked around with a GBH patch on his leather jacket knows the power of this quartet. The latest CD from England's original punker kings is an explosive blast of anger and inspiration.

SALVADOR SANTANA
Keyboard City



What do you do when your dad is a guitar god? You pick up a keyboard and rock that shit! Carlos Santana's son has delivered a groovy, timeless CD full of the best funk since early-period Prince.

TEXAS TORNADOS
Está Bueno!

The original Tex-Mex rockers roar back. Led by founding members Augie Meyers and Flaco Jiménez, the reconstituted lineup features Shawn Sahm (replacing his late dad Doug) and five tracks from Freddy Fender.

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE
***This Is Big Audio Dynamite* (Legacy Edition)**

When Mick Jones was unceremoniously fired from the Clash, he didn't get angry; he got funky! Big Audio Dynamite blended hip-hop and R&B with oddball riffs and unstoppable grooves. The band's 1985 debut disc gets expanded into two CDs pumped full of remixes and B-sides.

RUBY JAMES
Happy Now

The latest CD from Texas torch singer Ruby James was truly a labor of love. Three years in the making, it features an army of Lone Star State luminaries, most notably Charlie Sexton (who produced), Will Sexton and Mike Thompson. *Happy Now* is the most beautiful thing we've heard since that hot waitress said, "Okay, you can have my phone number."

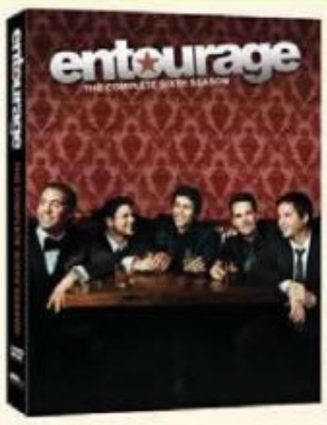
with two very lovely, beautiful college girls. I was not much older than that at the time.

They invited me to their townhouse. I didn't know that they were taking quaaludes, which were very popular at the time. This was in the mid-'70s. One girl was short with a great figure and really hot, and there was a tall one. I was really into the tall one, although they were both really hot. Then it was a HUSTLER moment when they kissed in front of me. They were obviously bisexual.

I was like, *Thank you, God! I'm in Heaven! This is unbelievable!* Of course, because the girls were taking quaaludes, one of them all of a sudden didn't feel well. May I add that the night wasn't a total loss because the short one took care of business, and we had fun. But the fantasy of the two girls was short-lived and [only] almost happened. Still, if I hadn't been onstage that night, I wouldn't have even gotten that close. ■

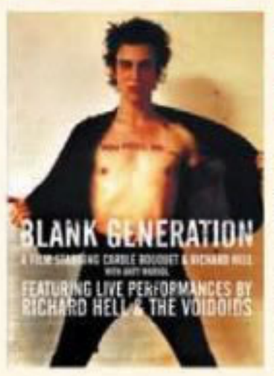
Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS



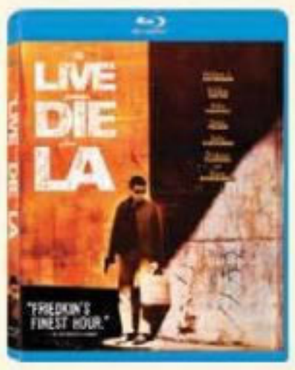
ENTOURAGE: THE COMPLETE SIXTH SEASON

Sure, *Entourage* is the boob tube's most ingenious, not to mention hippest, take on showbiz life in Hollywood. It features whip-smart writing, top-notch acting and a bangin' soundtrack. Which is cool, but we're all about the women! There is no show on TV that features more hot chicks per frame than *Entourage*. Season Six is a babefest.



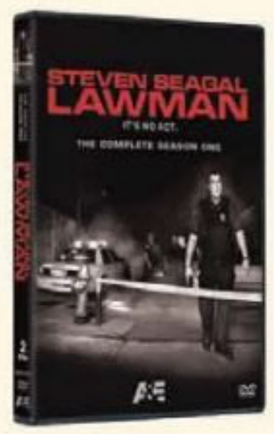
BLANK GENERATION

Lost punk rock flick alert! *Blank Generation* is worth checking out just to witness Richard Hell and the Voidoids rocking at CBGB, the now-defunct New York City music club, in 1978. But we won't overlook the film's superhot leading lady (French actress Carole Bouquet) and cameos by Hell and pop artist Andy Warhol. Man, you really need to experience *Blank Generation*.



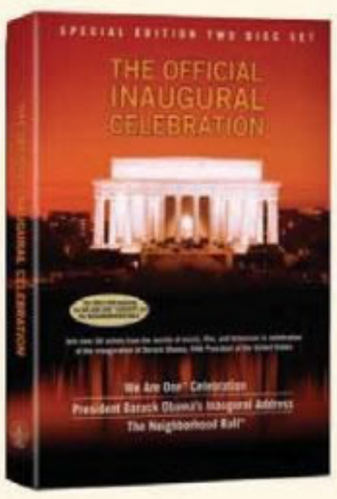
TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A.

Director William Friedkin's 1985 masterpiece features a who's who of young actors who became household names, including Willem Dafoe, *CSI*'s William Peterson, Dean Stockwell and John Turturro. With peeks at a gritty-and-grimy Los Angeles, not to mention a rocking score by Wang Chung, this is one of the best cop flicks of the past 30 years.



STEVEN SEAGAL LAWMAN: THE COMPLETE SEASON ONE

TV's second-best reality show (*Hoarders* is our number one) stars big-screen action hero Steven Seagal fighting crime as a deputy sheriff in New Orleans. Haven't seen it? Think *Cops* with some great unintentional humor. You may not want to, but—much like a car crash—you have to watch.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President Barack Obama's Inaugural Address
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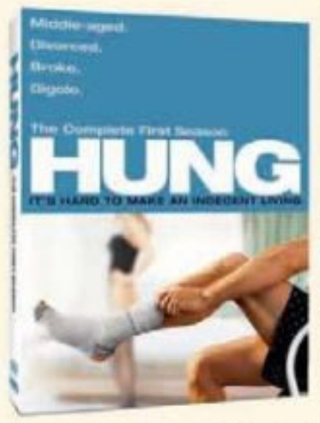
THE OFFICIAL INAUGURAL CELEBRATION

The election of Barack Obama was high on inspiration and celebration. This two-DVD set culls all the speeches, pomp and circumstance and musical performances surrounding the historical swearing-in of the 44th President of the United States.



HUNG: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

HBO's brilliant and vastly underrated series about a middle-aged male prostitute and his female pimp is one of television's most well-conceived offerings. That's saying a lot! Thomas Jane stars as gigolo Ray Drecker alongside the wonderful Jane Adams as Tanya, his "representation," plus a ton of cougars purchasing Ray's wares.

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(continued from page 40) twists her lips in an expression of WTF resignation. Since reuniting with Aiden, she's told him "not to let me do that stuff; it's too dangerous."

After lunch Belladonna decides her back is well enough to put the hundred bucks or so she'd have spent on a chiropractor to other uses: a dildo shopping spree at The Pleasure Chest, conveniently located pretty much across the street from Voda Spa.

Not surprisingly, upon entering the store, Belladonna immediately gravitates to butt plugs seemingly as wide as my forearm. She uses these for "anal training" prior to shooting her butt-centric movies. She buys a half-dozen assorted vibrators and dildos, mentioning that her husband is going to have a good time tonight (while paradoxically gushing over one of the dildos being a ringer for a past assignation's penis). She gets the total rock star treatment while paying, signing autographs for the staff and sounding like the Underwriters Laboratory of G spot ticklers as she touts the attributes of each purchase.

On the way out, Belladonna tells me how she loves dipping dildos in hot water to warm them just prior to insertion. Distracted by the memory, I can't resist letting her know I saw her nipples at Voda.

"Oh," she says, showing off her gapped-tooth smile and laughing, "you noticed those, huh? Diiiing!"

I tell her this made me wonder if her breasts are natural, hastening to add that they look great regardless. "Right now they're lifted with a bra," she says. "But they're real."

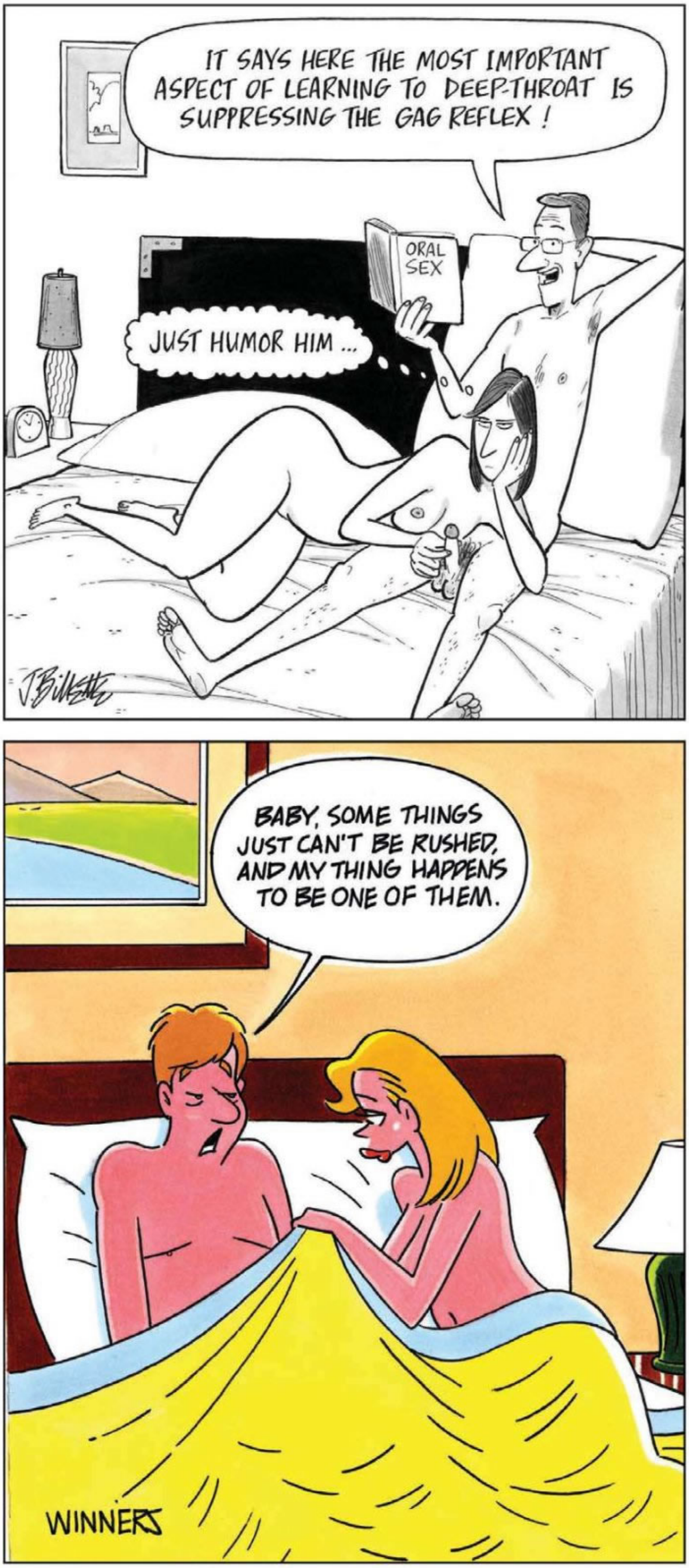
"Cool," I reply, surfing on a moment of awkward silence. Then I pop the question: "Can I touch them?"

"Sure," she says, stepping a little closer.

Standing a few feet from The Pleasure Chest doorway, I reach under Belladonna's bra and spring loose two of the most-viewed tits in porn. They feel soft but firm and definitely not siliconed or salined. I tweak her nipples for good measure. I can't tell if she enjoys it or is merely being a good sport. I wonder what will happen if I ask to go further. I suspect I could have gotten her to strip down in the Jacuzzi.

Releasing Belladonna's breasts, I try shifting back into regular interview mode. The conversation never really regains traction (though she does tell me that chastity belts are hot and that she'd be turned on by wearing one). Things wind down as I walk Belladonna to her SUV. She gives me a second hug and promises to call. Then she gets behind the wheel and merges into a scrum of late-afternoon traffic on Santa Monica Boulevard.

Michael Kaplan is a New York City-based journalist. Besides having contributed to *Playboy*, *Maxim*, *Bizarre* and the British magazine *Poker Player*, he is coauthor of *Aces and Kings: Inside Stories and Million-Dollar Strategies From Poker's Greatest Players.*


IT SAYS HERE THE MOST IMPORTANT ASPECT OF LEARNING TO DEEP-THROAT IS SUPPRESSING THE GAG REFLEX!
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J Billstein
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WINNERS

VALERIE RIOS

The Right Look

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

I don't like doggy that much," admits straightforward **Valerie Rios**. "Don't get me wrong: I love the way it feels, but I hate the fact I can't look at the guy while he's pumping away. There is nothing hotter than eye contact. Looking into each other's eyes while your bodies are thrust together in passion's greatest dance stimulates me so much."

Turning up the heat, **Valerie** raves, "My favorite position is being on top. Not only do I get to see a man's different facial expressions, but I also get to control things a bit. In life I'm kind of a go-with-the-flow gal, but in bed I like to be the one who runs the show. And believe me, I'm one hel-luva performer!"

Perky **Valerie** is gorgeous, but good looks aren't essential to pique her interest. "A guy doesn't have to be handsome or well-hung for me to fall for him," she says. "He just has to be full of life and have a positive attitude. I meet so many people who are unhappy and complain all the time. That's a huge turn-off. If you hate your life, you can change it. Take pleasure in every day. That's my motto. I spend every day in pursuit of pleasure. Most days I get it—and it's good."

VALERIE RIOS'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Bogotá, Colombia | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 107

PHOTO BY EDWARD P. KRANICH

Has your classmate had one too many, or is he about to die?

TO CALL OR NOT TO CALL 911

UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE STUDENTS WANT A GOOD SAMARITAN LAW ON THE BOOKS

Imagine attending a party in an off-campus apartment packed with fellow underage students. Downing ice-cold beers or something stiffer, everyone is having a good ol' time—some more than others. Before you know it, your party-animal roommate regurgitates all the booze he's guzzled along with the dinner he'd had with you a couple of hours earlier. Lying in a puddle of vomit, he's pale and unconscious.

You want to call 911 but have second thoughts: You don't want to get him, yourself and the other underage partygoers in trouble. By summoning emergency assistance, you could be arrested and also face disciplinary action at school. That would put your educational and career goals at risk. But not calling for help will jeopardize someone's life. Tough choice, isn't it?

That's why students at the University of New Hampshire are lobbying for a Good Samaritan, a/k/a medical amnesty, policy, which would shield from punishment anyone seeking help in an alcohol- or drug-related emergency involving an underage person. To muster further support and provide background information, advocates have utilized Facebook. At the time this was written, the group "Bring a Good Samaritan Law to UNH" had enlisted almost 2,000 members, and more than 90 colleges and universities nationwide had implemented the policy.

Passage of a statewide Good Samaritan Law has become a harder sell in the legislature since police raided a frat party in Bedford, New Hampshire, on October 30, 2009. Among those arrested for underage drinking was State Representative Brian Poznanski (D-Nashua), 20, a junior at St. Anselm College. As a result, Poznanski was dropped as the primary sponsor of a Good Samaritan bill drafted by Dartmouth College Democrats, who were unable to find a replacement in time for the House to vote on it in 2010. Besides derailing legislation, Poznanski's arrest bolstered sentiments that amnesty is more about protecting the reputations of underage informants who have been consuming alcoholic beverages or using drugs rather than the safety of young people in possible life-threatening situations.

Ashley Rennebu, who chairs the UNH Student Senate's Community Change Council, stresses that the underlying reason for granting medical amnesty is to make sure no one gets hurt or, even worse, dies: "If it's going to save one person, make one person not think twice, that's reason enough to get a policy implemented. I've been in a situation personally where I didn't want to get a person in trouble but didn't know what to do."

Another supporter of a Good Samaritan policy is A.J. Coukos, who spent two years at Lehigh University before transferring to UNH. "At Lehigh, which has a medical amnesty policy, students aren't reluctant to call for help," Coukos said. "The University of New Hampshire would be unwise if it chooses to keep the status quo and not incorporate some kind of medical amnesty policy. The fact is some students who needed medical attention didn't get it because other students didn't call for help because they were afraid of the legal repercussions."

Like Rennebu, Coukos insists that amnesty is not a get-out-of-jail-free card for drunken students; it's a don't-wind-up-in-the-morgue card for students who are so intoxicated they could die. "The priority in this situation," Coukos points out, "is the health of the incapacitated student."

After considering the pros and cons, the Student Senate passed a resolution urging the Office of Conduct and Mediation to implement a Good Samaritan policy at UNH. "We look forward to further discussion on this," announced Mark Rubinstein, vice-president of Student and Academic Services.

Samer Kalaf is a junior majoring in journalism at the University of New Hampshire. His extracurricular pursuits include writing for *The New Hampshire* (UNH's student newspaper), indoor soccer and "making great sandwiches."

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at *Features@LFP.com*. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

BY CELESTE GONZALEZ

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in form on page 139 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

CARMEN VALENTINA

RINGLING COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN

"I'm an artist—a perverted one!" exclaims this 23-year-old Las Vegas native, who wanted to appear in HUSTLER ever since she can remember. While growing up, not being allowed to go to sleepovers and having a 7 p.m. curfew further fueled Carmen's desire to show off her body. It didn't take long for the rebellious adolescent to respond to her budding sexuality. "I lost my virginity at 16," she recalls. "The guy's parents were out of town, and we started playing with each other on his bunk. I couldn't resist anymore, so I told him to fuck me. His parents came home the same night and walked in on us!"

Carmen—who ventured all the way to Sarasota, Florida, to study illustration—sees no limit to her sexuality or number of sexual partners. "My kinkiest memory is my first threesome," she says. "My boyfriend invited me over to a girl's house to study. After a few drinks one thing led to another, and the clothes started coming off. I've never regretted that night; it was amazing!"

Carmen confides, "I love both sexes. The more body parts on me the merrier, but I would have to say there is nothing better than a nice, hard dick."

Will her classmates at Ringling be surprised to see the immodest coed in HUSTLER? "They won't," Carmen quickly replies. "Art and sex are a big part of my life, so it would be no surprise if I eventually became an artist or went into porn. Either way, getting paid to do something I love is a dream-come-true."

Since Carmen is paying for her own education and determined to earn a degree, she insists that schoolwork is her top priority. However, this hasn't deterred the studious pixie from having a good time: "When I don't have homework, the debauchery begins."

PHOTOS BY ALEXANDRA RINCON

"Yes, it does look inflamed, and it is a bit dry. But I don't know what you should do about it. I'm here to fix the doctor's computer."

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

*Madison Scott and Kagney Linn Karter host a **Trek**kie meet-up.*

This Ain't Star Trek XXX #2: The Butterfly Effect

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: KIMBERLY KANE, ALEXIS TEXAS, KAGNEY LINN KARTER, MADISON SCOTT, JENNIFER DARK, JADA FIRE, EVAN STONE, TONY DE SERGIO, CHEYNE COLLINS, JOEY BRASS, JOHNNY CASTLE & KENI STYLES.

Every time a porn star spreads her wings, some lonely bastard in the world shoots his load. Is that "the butterfly effect"? We're not sure. But if you liked our first *Star Trek* parody, seek this one out. Evan Stone is back as Captain Kirk, this time following a distress signal that inevitably leads to alien pussy. On the way, Spock gets jailed by hostile somethings in hilarious costumes. One of them turns out to be America's fastest-rising cock-hardener, Kagney Linn Karter. In another random fuck scene, Alexis Texas plays Marilyn Monroe as she alters history with JFK. (Any stupid excuse to get Alexis naked is okay with us.) Jada Fire is once again Uhura, the best lay on the bridge. Set phasers to come! It's all solid geeknip, but lanky Kimberly Kane as the butterfly queen climaxes the voyage in the flick's least mechanical fuck scene. Or maybe she just likes screwing Evan Stone. Check out our interview with Stone on page 60. Then turn to page 140 and get the movie. That's a direct order, Spock. ***—M.J.***

*Kimberly Kane (left) and Jada Fire demonstrate **The Butterfly Effect**.*

*Kagney Linn Karter (left) Kasey Chase and Cindy Hope (below) prove themselves **Slutworthy**.*

Slutworthy

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: KAGNEY LINN KARTER, CINDY HOPE, MADISON PARKER, MALLORY RAE MURPHY, KASEY CHASE, MANUEL FERRARA, SCOTT NAILS & SETH GAMBLE.

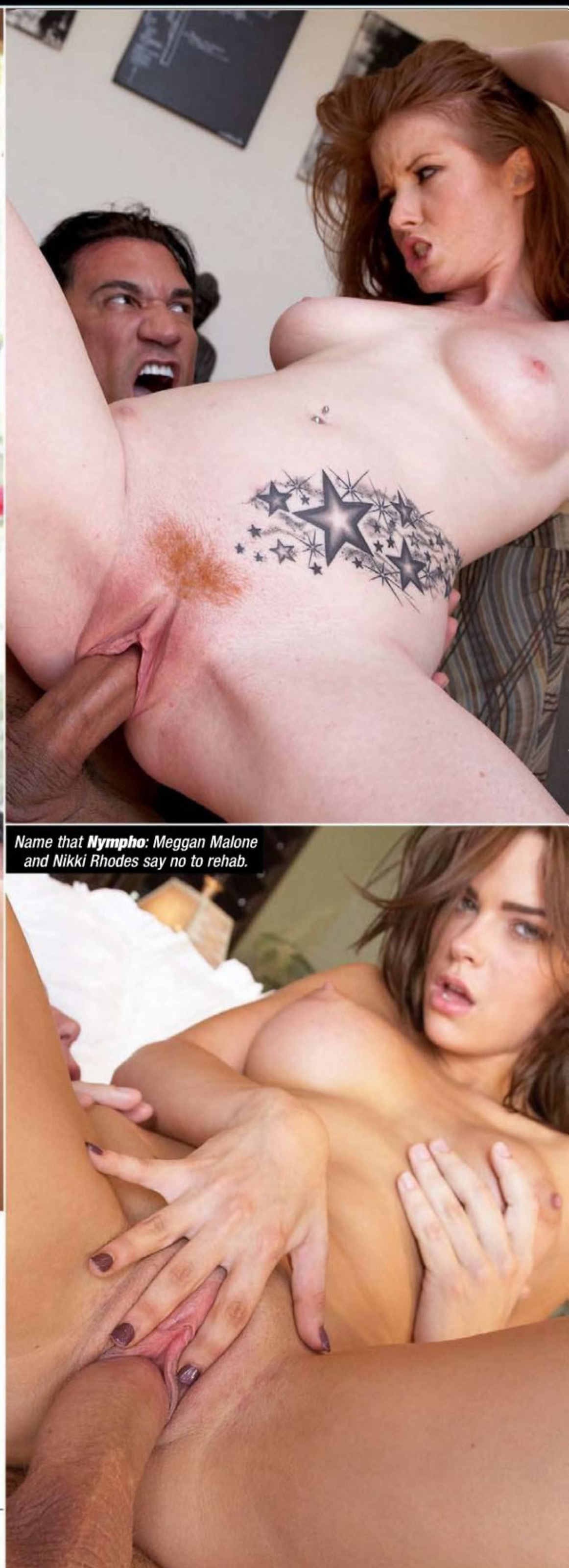
Kagney Linn Karter is fast becoming the best-engineered porn star since Jesse Jane. The bulbous-boobed blonde would make *Slutworthy* whack-worthy even if she were the only vagina in it. But director Robby D., arguably the finest cameraman in the biz, has surrounded her with some enticing contenders. Raven-haired Madison Parker, with her bite-sized tits and perfect ass, provides a nice antidote to KLK's imposing presence. Her scene ends with that top-notch tush of hers getting expertly tenderized. Cindy Hope superbly sluts her way through a mostly P.O.V. scene, but the real discovery here may be Kasey Chase. The scrawny sexpot certainly fits the title description, since she looks like she spends so much time fucking, she has no time to eat! At least the cutie's got her priorities straight. ***—M.J.***

Dishes *Bree Olson, Sara Stone (bottom left), Nicole Ray and Faye Reagan (bottom right) play house.*

Debbie Duz Dishes Again

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: JIM MALIBU. STARRING: BREE OLSON, RILEY EVANS, FAYE REAGAN, NICOLE RAY, SARA STONE, EVAN STONE, ERIC SWISS, KRIS SLATER & TOMMY GUNN.

This goofball remake of the 1986 porn classic starring Nina Hartley revives the tale of an inept, horny homemaker with a haunted-house problem. Bree Olson brings her usual bubbly, ditzy blonde act to the role. She's a disaster as a dutiful oven slave, but her bedroom skills are beyond question. Enter Evan Stone as the manic, high-pressure dildo salesman with a mission to relax the neighborhood housewives and keep their minds off the strange noises. At least that's what seems to be going on. This is a weird movie (like the original) but fun to watch, especially the slurpy girl/girl scene with Faye Reagan and Nicole Ray in the kitchen. Banging an exorcist, Sara Stone nearly outdoes star Olson with a titfuckingly fine scene that could raise the dead. This remake may look slicker, but you'll be glad it comes packaged with the original (first time on DVD). Hence our fully erect rating. It's hard to beat a 26-year-old Nina Hartley in terry cloth shorts. ***—M.J.***



Name that **Nympho**: Meggan Malone and Nikki Rhodes say no to rehab.

Nympho

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: MEGGAN MALONE, NIKKI RHODES, KISSY KAPRI, MARCO BANDERAS, VOODOO & JERRY.

The ladies on this disc look more like models than sluttly nymphos, but their tramp stamps give them away. Meggan Malone, the star fuck addict in this typically slick Vivid flick, hits the right marks with her natural good looks and a relaxed fucking style. Plus, she kind of looks like teen movie brat Kristen Stewart. Freckled redhead Nikki Rhodes steps in for a nice interlude that'll keep you hard for Meggan's outdoor encore. (Apparently two fucks is enough to qualify for the *Nympho* title.) Kissy Kapri is a good deal trashier than her costars, but she's in this movie for one reason and one reason only: to take it up the ass! Sorry, Meggan, Kissy just showed you what a real nympho is. Gapers always win. ***—M.J.***

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Barely Legal *Riley Rey warms up the room.*

***It Barely Fits** is Holly Fox's favorite pick-up line.*

Barely Legal: It Barely Fits

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICHARD DE MONTFORT. STARRING: MISTY RIVERS, RILEY REY, AMI JORDAN, NATALIE NORTON, ANITA BLUE, HOLLY FOX, NICKI HUNTER, MARCO BANDERAS, LEE STONE, CHRIS CHARMING, PIKE NELSON & JUSTIN LONG.

Barely Legal's entry into the giant-cock genre is more salesmanship and wide-angle lenses than horsemeat. What's important though is that the fillies are cute and *act* like "it barely fits." Natalie Norton, who gets drafted into hard-core at the Home Depot by talent prowler Ami Jordan, turns out to be especially good at the "it's so big" routine. Cute, wide-eyed and naturally funny, she's the Teri Garr of porn. Blessed with plump natural boobs, Ami might be the most convincing cast member when it comes to the "barely legal" claim. Sure, it's a stretch to buy that established names like Holly Fox and Nicki Hunter are anywhere near 18, but you won't care once Misty Rivers decides it's time to let some "monster" black cock plumb her depths. *It Barely Fits* is a good fit for your collection, so order it now on page 140. **—M.J.**

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*Courtney Cummz shows some **Enthusiasm**.*

This Ain't Curb Your Enthusiasm XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: COURTNEY CUMMZ, ANGELINA VALENTINE, MADISON IVY, BOBBI STARR, LEXI STONE, DYLAN RILEY, JUSTIN LONG, OTTO BAUER, DAN MASTERS & BARRY SCOTT.

Serious porn freaks have a list of shows they can't wait to see turned into porn parodies. Is *Curb Your Enthusiasm* high on any of them? Probably not. But you see, that's what we like to do—surprise you. Larry David's HBO series relies on awkward situations for its laughs, which ain't an easy thing to do, so this spoof might be better titled *Lower Your Expectations*. The obligatory predicament involves a pal of Larry's banging "hot new nurse" Bobbi Starr. Larry naturally wants some of that—but without cheating on wife Cheryl. Let the near-hilarity begin. Courtney Cummz, draining Larry's black buddy (arguably the best actor in the movie), sets the right spoiled, fuck-me tone for the followup MILFs. Madison Ivy will more than do as a stand-in until Cheryl Hines finally goes into porn, but save your enthusiasm for Angelina Valentine, who plays the bitchy (and domineering) Susie. You know Larry David won't be able to resist peeking at this one, so why should you be any better? Order it now on page 140. **—M.J.**

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*Emily Parker gets to the bottom of things in **Untrue Hollywood Stories: Jesse James**.*

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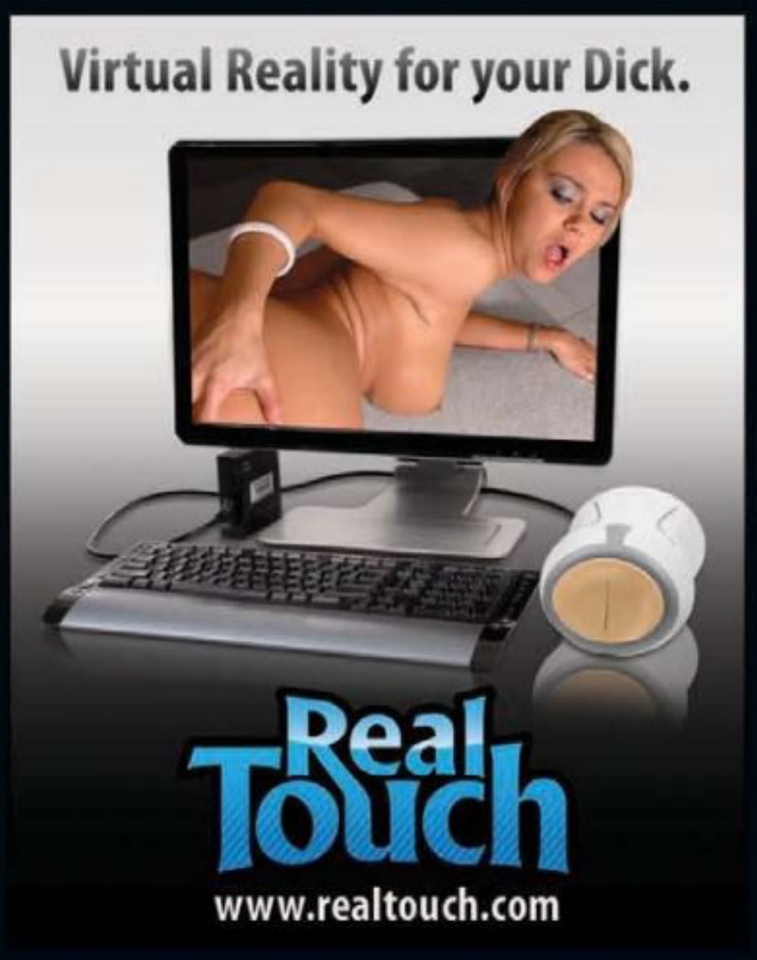
HUSTLER'S SHOPPING GUIDE



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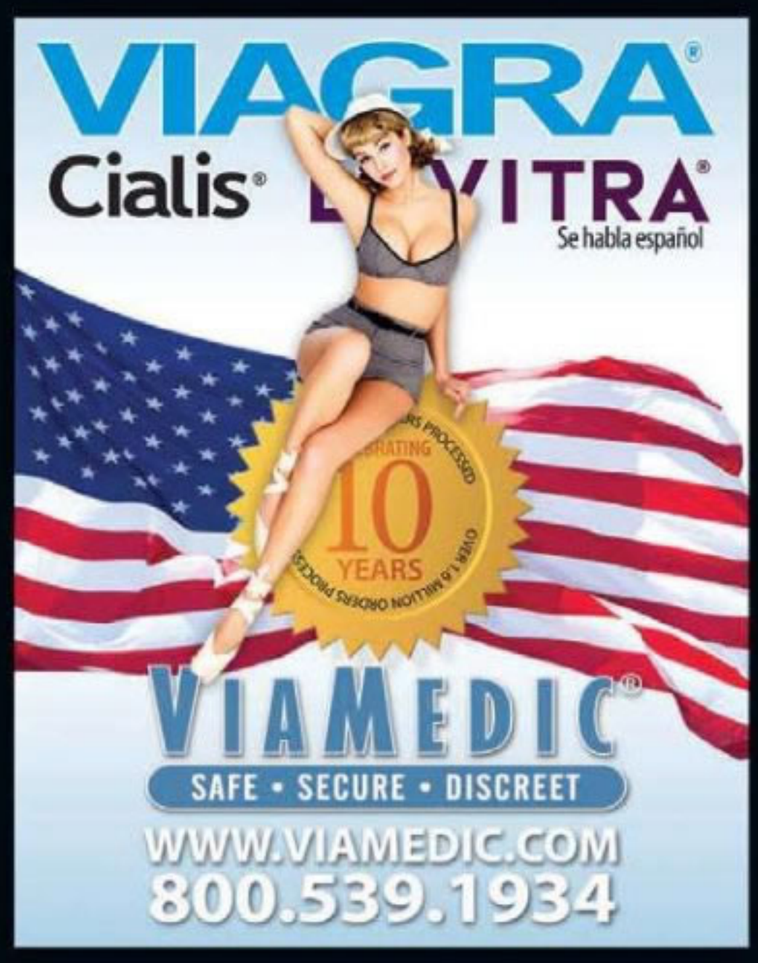

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THIS AIN'T **CHARMED** XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

For its latest showbiz parody, HUSTLER Video has conjured up a hard-core version of the mesmerizing TV series *Charmed*. Remember the original? It starred Alyssa Milano (Phoebe), Shannen Doherty (Prue) and Holly Marie Combs (Piper) as a trio of sexy sibling witches.

HUSTLER's take has the sisters doing the kind of magic we've all dreamed of: Three head-turning porn starlets step in for the TV stars. (Although we probably could have gotten the original cast to do it. Seriously, when is the last time you saw Alyssa, Shannen and the other chick do anything?)

Watching **Chayse Evans** (Phoebe), **Sandy West** (Prue) and **Angelina Valentina** (Piper) suck and fuck everyone from the recently dead to the evil Belthazor and his demon girl will literally charm your pants off.

This Ain't Charmed XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 140 to order by mail.

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

NAOMI

A "tough" cook from San Juan, Puerto Rico, teeny-weeny Naomi brought up the rear (ain't hers dandy?) in our March '10 coozefest, but circumstances have dictated that she merits the opening page of this one. First, the basketball, volleyball and R&B music fancier was born on September 1. Second, after posing nude indoors, Naomi was up for serving us a scrumptious second helping. Third, the "always horny" pixie intrepidly disrobed in public. Fourth, the 4-foot-11 spinner could pass for a barely legal strumpet. Fifth, Naomi murmurs, "No one believes I'm going to be 28. Of course, I'm not complaining. And no one believes that I've never given a blowjob even though I've done everything else you can do with a guy or girl." Sixth, she confides, "I like cooking naked and then being dessert." Seventh, looking at yummy Naomi in her birthday suit is seventh heaven. —Photos by Friend

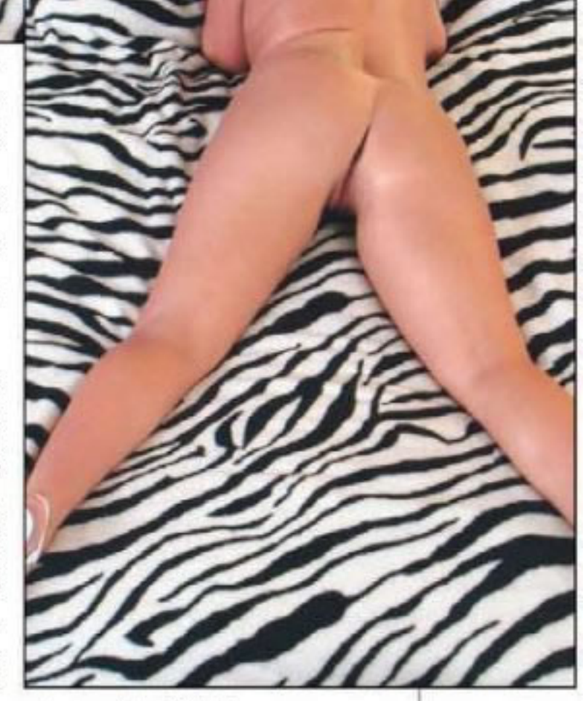
EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

PASSION

"Modeling nude sounded like fun," notes Passion, 19, a "very outgoing and loving" coed-to-be from Auburn Hills, Michigan. "I find dirty magazines and movies kinda fascinating. Now I can wonder if guys will jerk off to my pictures. Guess what? I'm not as innocent as I look. I had my first threesome when I was pretty young. It was with my best girlfriend and the guy I was fucking at the time in his parents' hot tub. I've always liked getting into trouble." But the 4-foot-10 sprite also has good-girl traits. "I love to write poetry and short stories," Passion avows, "and I'm into swimming, biking and football. I just wish the [Detroit] Lions didn't suck." When the buxom coquette finds her latest boyfriend, he's gonna team up with a lioness in the sack. "I like aggressive sex with whipping, handcuffs and big, juicy cocks," Passion rejoices. "For some reason—probably my big ass—guys want to fuck me doggy-style, but I have the best orgasms when I'm on top so I can work the dick just the way I like it." Fond of foreplay and wordplay, Passion bellows, "My fantasy is to go down on the biggest, fattest cock I've ever seen on a beach in Hawaii while the sun goes down!" —Photos by Friend

ALAHNA

"It's a privilege to appear in such a great magazine as HUSTLER," acknowledges Alahna, 29, a "very sensual and outgoing" resident of Lott, Texas. Also incredibly tall and ribald, the 5-foot-11 Lone Star Stater savors being conspicuous. "I love my stripping job!" Alahna exclaims. "I get off having men pay to see me naked." Alahna's leisure pastimes include partying, social networking, music (R&B, rap, country) and watching porn, but being "very sexually active" takes precedence: "I'm straight, aggressive, seductive, wild and not afraid to try new things, like sex in public or having people watch me in private. I'm a die-hard exhibitionist and nympho. I love sex, and the more the better. If you are that right person and are having as much fun as I am, you can make me squirt across the bed." Having her G spot triggered is no longer a fantasy, but Alahna does entertain a doozy: "The place I most want to have sex is in a bank vault on a pile of money because money makes me come!" —Photos by Friend



LEXI

"I love everything about HUSTLER," stresses Lexi, 20, a "girl-next-door who strips" out of North Olmsted, Ohio. "It has always been a goal of mine to appear in the greatest men's magazine ever." But there's more to this "very much single and loving it" damsel than meets the eye. "I'd describe myself as carefree, outgoing, daring and smart," the 5-foot-1 social networking buff divulges. "I love to make people feel at home. I'm a great girlfriend because I assume the motherly role and take care of my significant other." Before getting to the nitty-gritty, Lexi lists her biggest kicks: "I love sports, and my favorite TV shows are *Weeds*, *Entourage*, *Breaking Bad*, *One Tree Hill* and *Bad Girls Club*. While my favorite band is Kings of Leon, I enjoy all types of music—mostly country, rap, pop and hip-hop. And the best food of all time in my book is the artichoke." Okay, Lexi, now sock it to us: "I'm bi, and in bed I'm pretty out there. I love rough, passionate, kinky, hard-core sex! I'm also into dirty talking, choking and bondage. I love all kinds of positions. I don't really have a favorite, so I'm always down for something new." On that note, Lexi muses, "I would really like to one day meet and maybe fuck [porn star] Jesse Jane." —Photos by Friend

"I do not like anal sex, but I won't ever deny it."

PRECIOUS

"I sure love being naked, and not just when I'm skinny-dipping, getting laid or sleeping," coos this clothing store sales associate from Sunland, New Mexico. "I watch TV and cook naked too, although I have to be careful when I'm frying something." Since "feisty, kinky and crazy" Precious will be blowing out 20 birthday candles in September, we gave the sizzling oral-sex virtuoso a second opportunity to display her "hot-for-cock Brazilian booty" and "tight as a virgin's" coochie. But the aficionada of rain-dancing, rap, reggae and *Bad Girls Club*—who first wore *nada* here in November '09—has another key asset: She's agile. "I've sucked and fucked a guy while he was driving," Precious proudly recalls. "I'm tiny; I fit between him and the steering wheel." For her b-day dream the 5-foot-4 bi gal envisions a more romantic spot: "It would be so cool to look out the window while making love on a private jet." —Photos by Friend

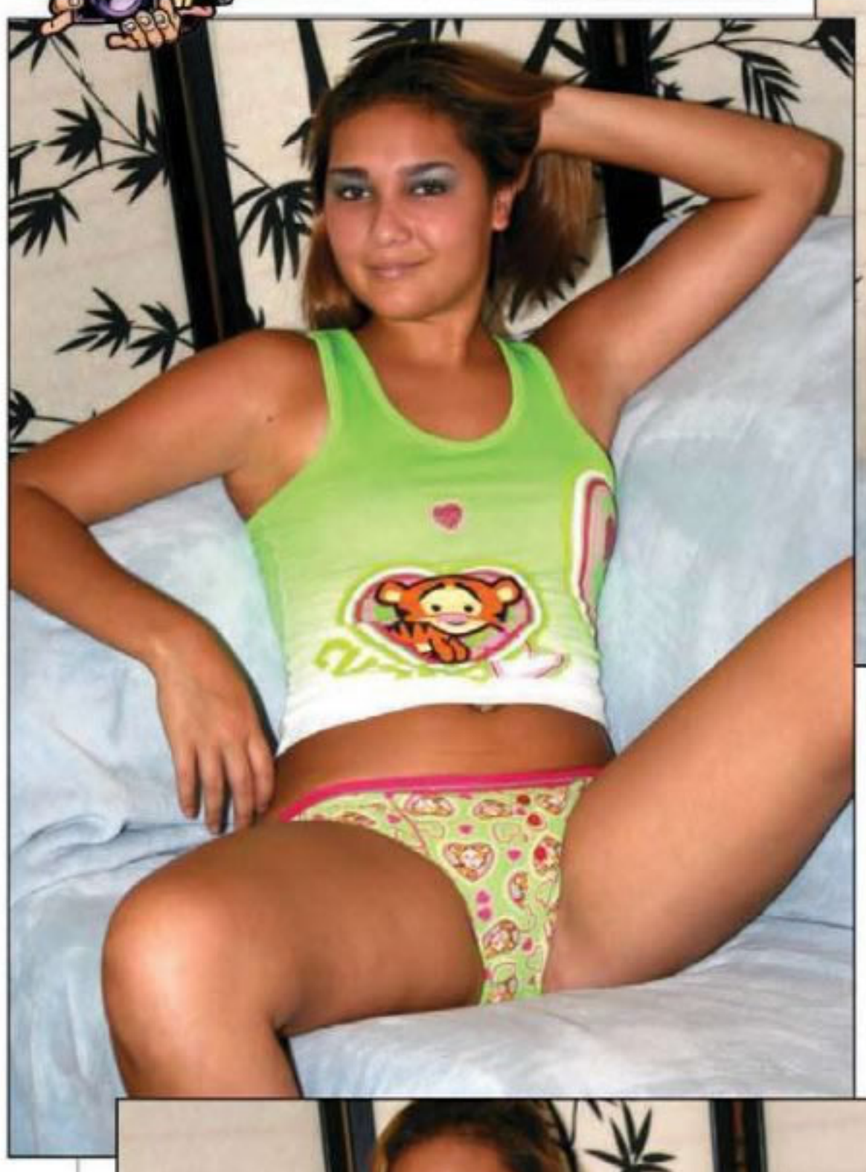
JESS

"I'm not ashamed of my body or my age," proclaims Jess, 39, a railroad-signal maintenance worker from Marietta, Georgia. "I like posing for risqué photos. It's always thrilling to do something you know you're not supposed to do—like the time I had sex on my desk during work hours. It was exhilarating to know someone could have walked in at any moment. Life is too short to not have fun! I always love partying." Besides spontaneous ecstasy and having a blast, the 5-foot-9 newbie relishes social networking, Wii games, Metallica, seafood, Southern home cooking, *Family Guy*, *King of the Hill* and ice hockey. "The players are all pumped up and ready to fight," the Atlanta Thrashers fan marvels. "It's really hot." So's having a dick pumping away in her vagina. "I am definitely straight to the core," Jess points out. "I absolutely love doggy-style penetration. The initial entrance is so great! I guess I'm kinky too. I'll never turn down a little bondage." Tying things up, the "kind, loyal and experimental" vixen relates, "There is this stretch in yoga called the Downward-Facing Dog. I'd like to fuck that way. I'd also like to meet [mainstream actor] Aaron Eckhart and do some morally questionable things to him." —Photos by Boyfriend

SHERRY STANG GIRL

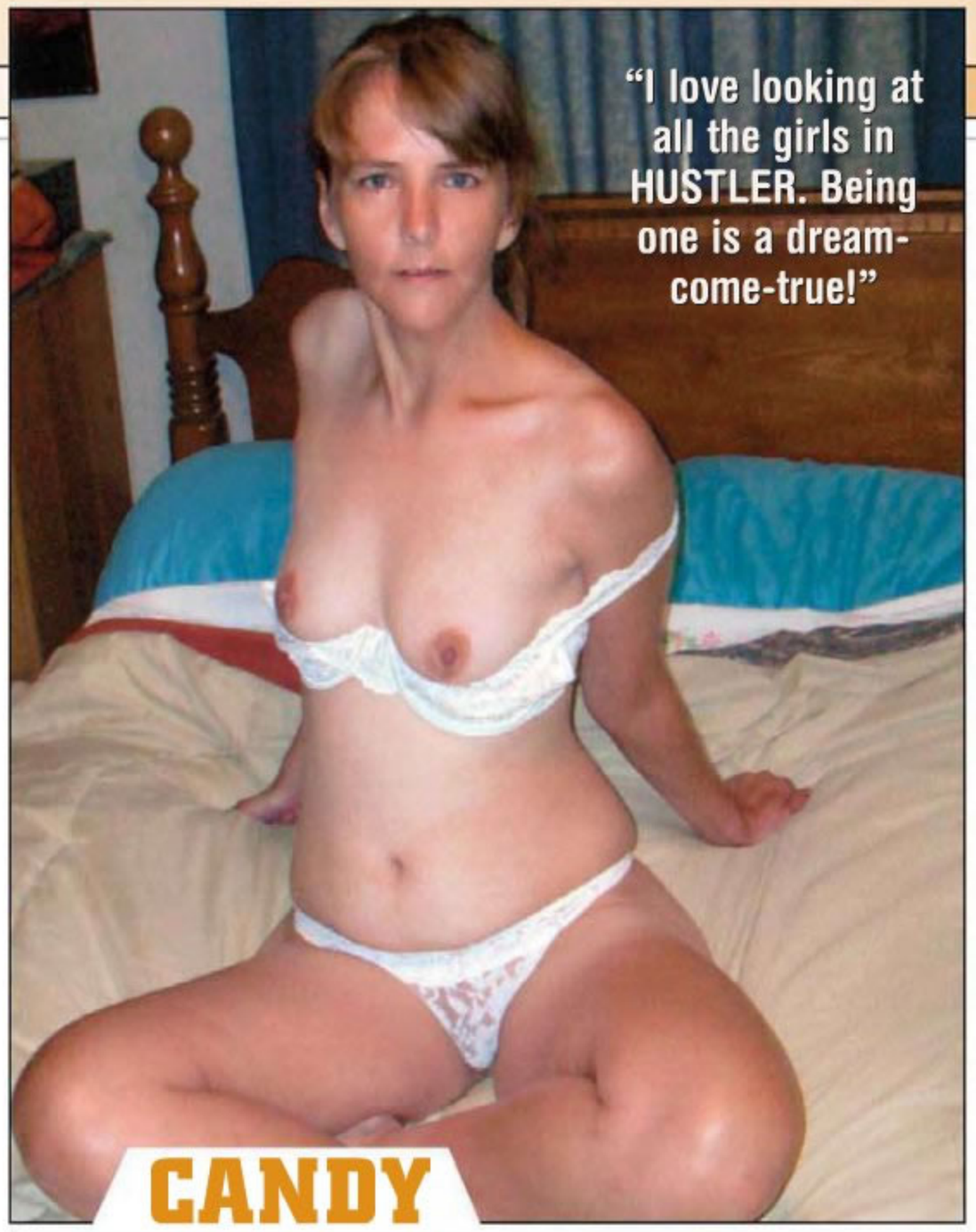
"I just figure if you got it, you should show it," declares this "frank, open-minded and always punctual" 24-year-old from Hamburg, New York. "When I was in high school, I'd flash my boobs at parties. Of course, the other girls would get mad and want to fight me when I did it in front of their boyfriends!" As a Beaver, Sherry Stang Girl needn't fear reprisals for letting it all hang out and getting a lot off her 36D chest. "I love anything to do with cars and motorcycles," the 5-foot-5 modeling aspirant details. "The fact that I'm a motorhead really surprises most people, especially since I can be such a girly girl. That part of me loves meeting people on the Internet, working out, reading, oil painting, watching ghost-hunting and reality shows on TV and camping." Sherry, who tools around in a supercharged 2003 Mustang GT, supercharges her confessions: "I like to tease for a while before sex. I think it builds up the anticipation. I've been told that I'm very good with my tongue and kissing! I can be pretty kinky too! Rough sex with ass-slapping really turns me on, and I've come to enjoy anal because it feels amazing. Girls, I recommend giving it a try!" Putting the pedal to the metal, Sherry exults, "Sex is more fun when it's outside the bedroom! For example, the kitchen table, a countertop or a public place where there's a chance of getting caught! I think it would be interesting to be naked at a drag strip, but that could be dangerous because there's probably a chance of causing a bad accident. For a much safer fantasy, I've always wanted to have sex in a hot, fast muscle car. I also have a thing for tattoos and bad-boy types!" —Photos by Friend

"I've wanted to appear nude in HUSTLER for as long as I can remember! I love people looking at me, and I love to put on a good show. Plus, let's face it: HUSTLER rocks!"



TIFFANY

"I make everything fun and interesting no matter what I'm doing or who I'm with," professes Tiffany, 20, a water park tour guide from Sunrise, Florida. "I'm funny, outgoing, spontaneous and easy to get along with." Not to mention easy on the eyes as the 5-foot-5 tyro shucks her duds, thereby whetting the appetites of horndogs who dig barely legal babes and/or pelvic bushes. "I like it natural down there," reckons the admitted "big tease and flirt," whose interests include "singing, rollerblading and watching the Discovery Channel, *Family Guy*, *Futurama* and *That '70s Show*." Keen on being entertained, Tiffany adds, "I love movies with Will Smith and Jackie Chan in them. Horror and comedies are my faves, but I'm not much into chick flicks. They're too sobby." Being straight, Tiffany isn't into chick flicks of the tongue down there, but her fantasy twists a metaphor for *clit*: "I want to have sex with a man on a boat in the middle of a lake." —Photos by Friend



CANDY

"I've never done this before," announces Candy, a "funny and witty" housekeeper from Wichita, Kansas. "I wanted to see if it would go anywhere." Born in September 1976, the "fishing, camping and making love under the stars" enthusiast can now go to the bank with a $250 birthday gift from Larry Flynt thanks to flaunting her honeypot. "I love and enjoy being dirty-minded and having good, kinky sex," the 5-foot-5 mag rookie raves. "I am a very active one-man woman and would do anything, and I mean *anything*, for him. I like trying new positions and new places besides the bedroom." That takes us to "bi but mostly straight" Candy's b-day fantasy: "I'd love to meet a sexy girl at my favorite hangout, kissing and touching her in front of all my friends, then getting more intimate behind closed doors." —Photos by Friend

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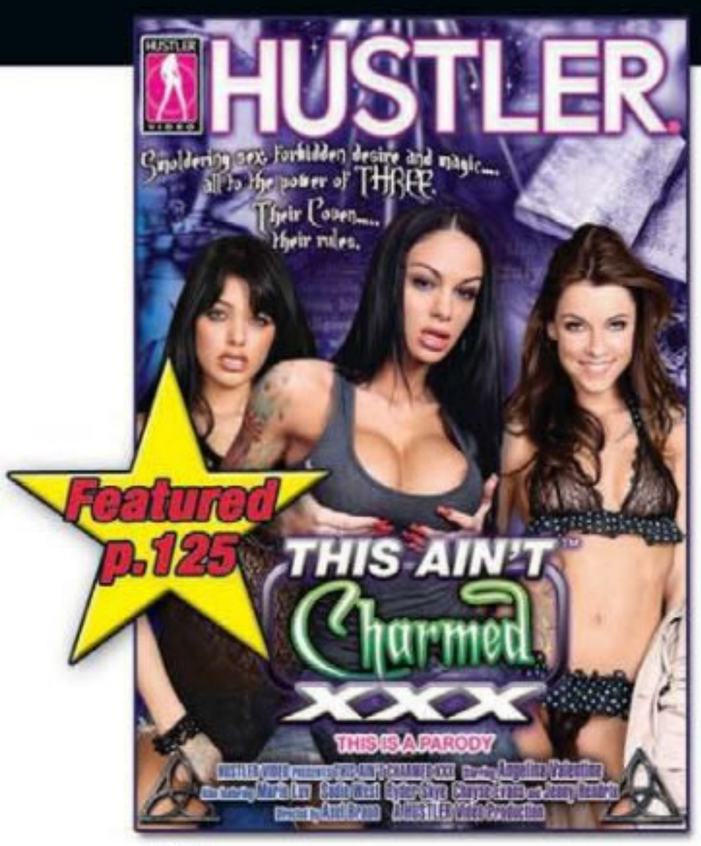
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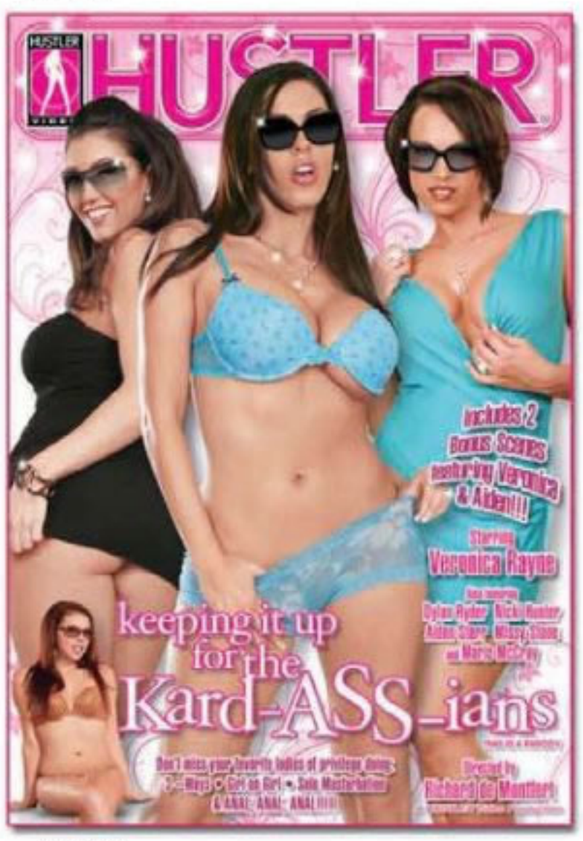

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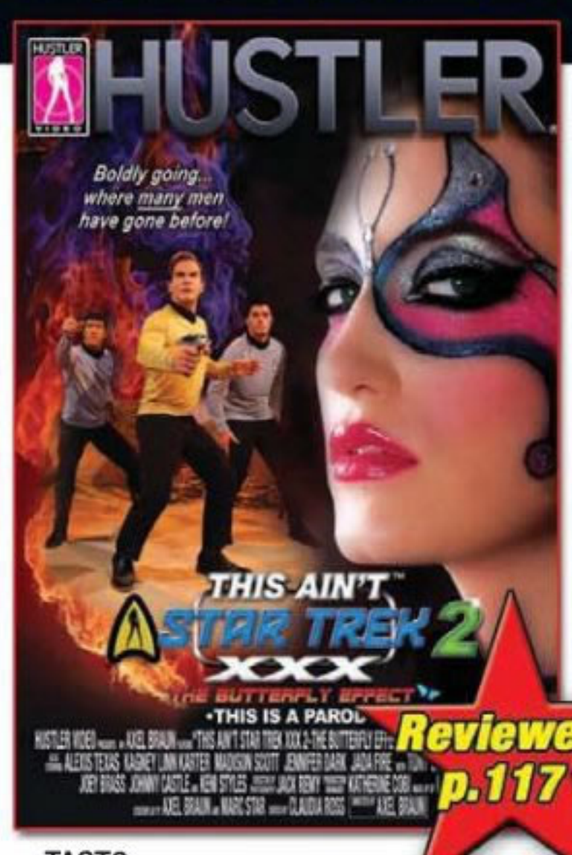

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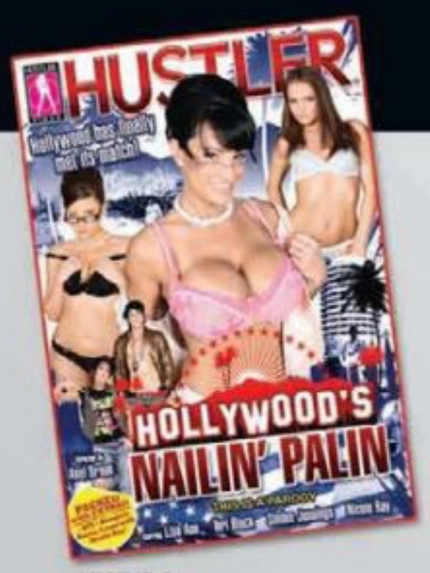

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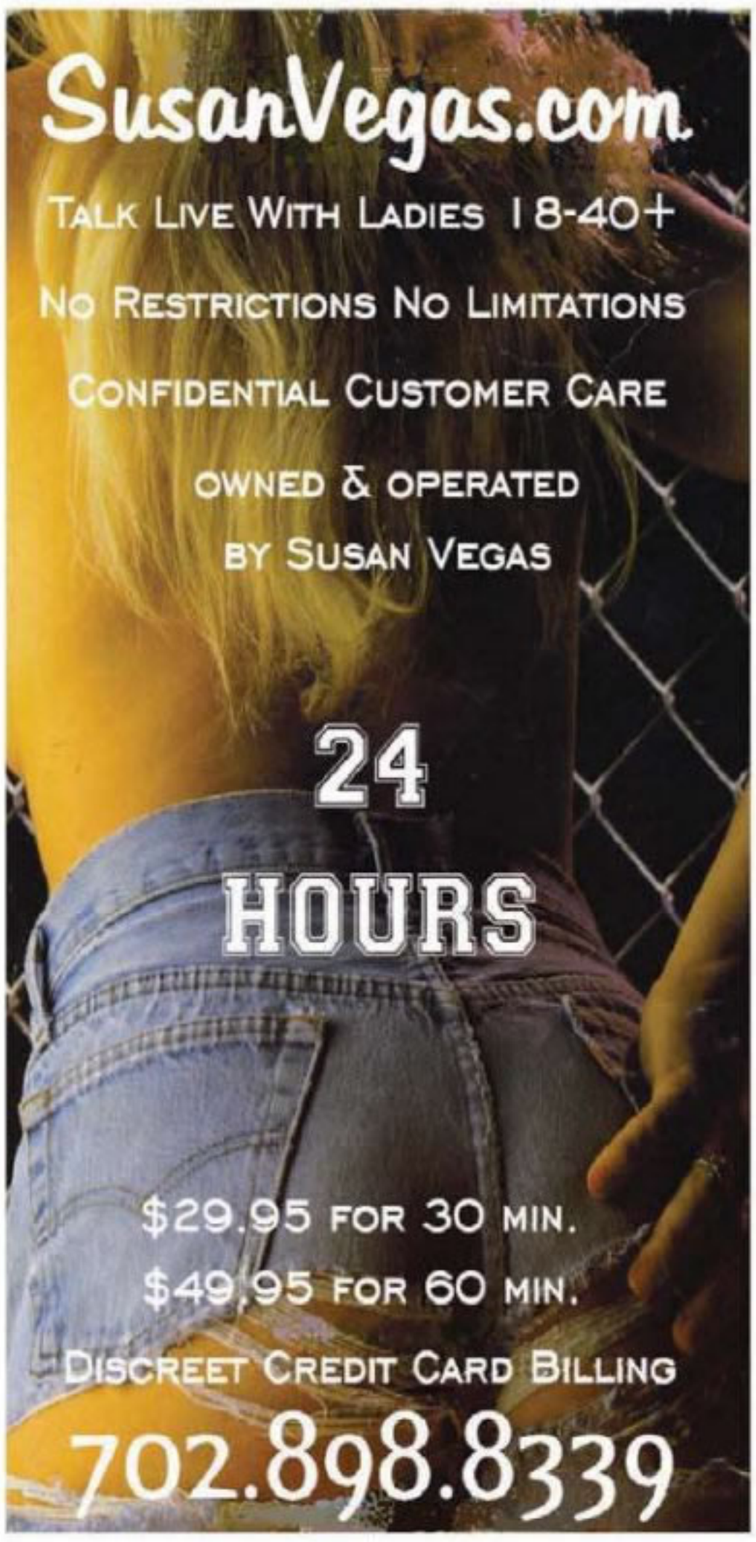
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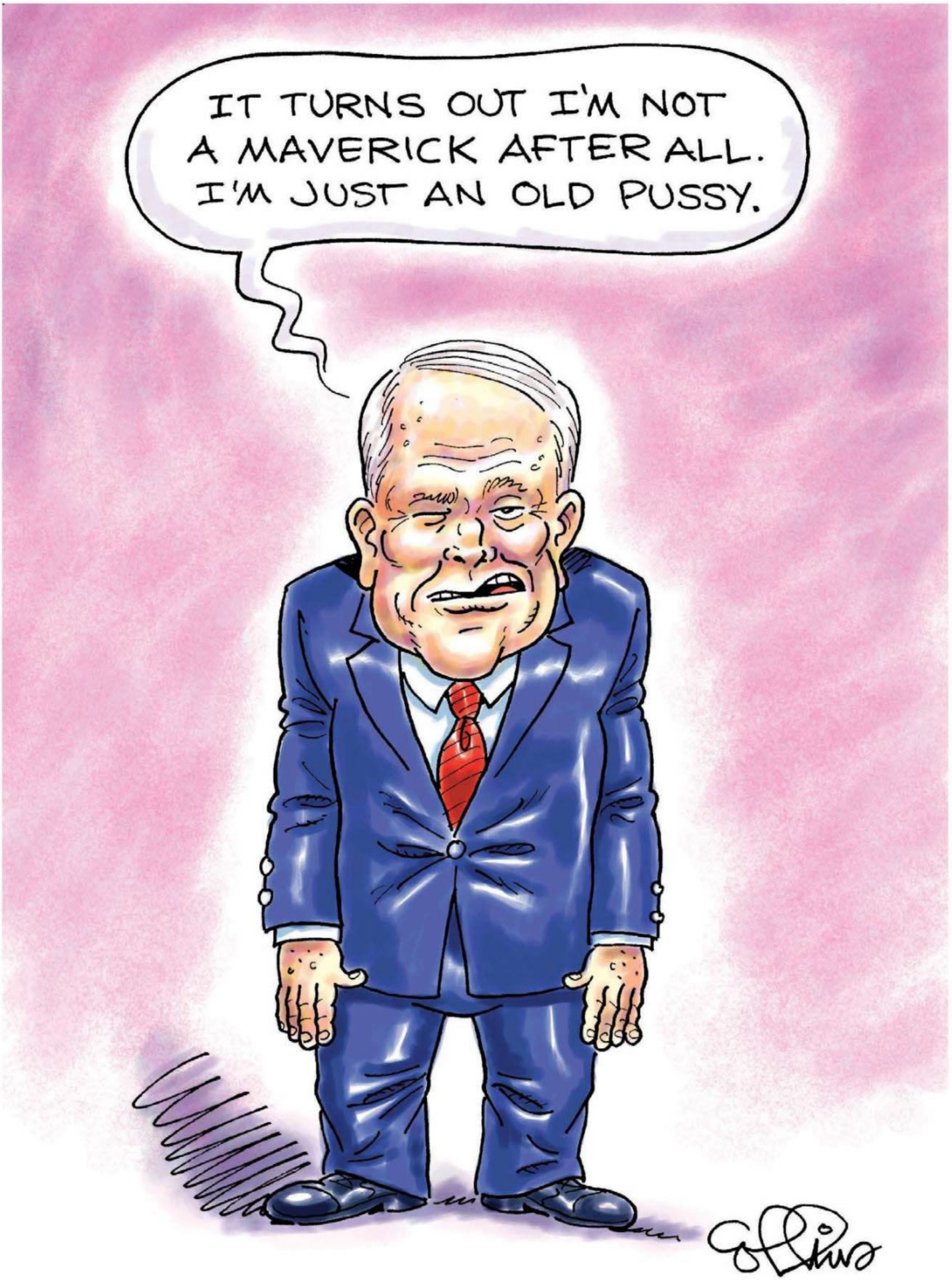
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

Freckle-faced **Michelle** is a girl you'll be proud to wake up to. You'll be just as happy to see her face in the morning as when you picked her up the night before. She's a wholesome beauty with tall, American, girl-next-door charms. Don't you agree?


IT TURNS OUT I'M NOT A MAVERICK AFTER ALL. I'M JUST AN OLD PUSSY.

The October '10 issue goes on sale August 3, 2010. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

MULANI RIVERA

COMING NEXT

STEVEN SEAGAL: OUTSPOKEN AND UNCENSORED

A self-described warrior, Steven Seagal won't back down from a fight or an interview with HUSTLER. Going mano-a-mano with Music Editor Keith Valcourt, the star of *Hard to Kill*, *Under Siege* and dozens of other action films pulls no punches as he reflects on his female costars, the reality show *Steven Seagal Lawman*, screen rival Jean Claude Van Damme and trying to "make a difference in the world."

CHEATERS: CAPITALIZING ON ADULTERY

Sick of practicing law, Bobby Goldstein launched the controversial reality show *Cheaters* in 2000, and it's still a hit. Now, thanks to fellow Texan Tom Stephenson, you can visit *Cheaters*' inner sanctum and witness the mayhem that ensues when another unfaithful spouse is busted.

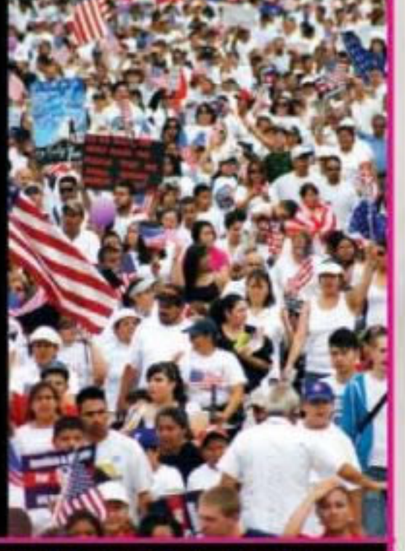
GIA JORDAN'S PASSION FOR NASTINESS

An early bloomer when it came to sex, Florida-born Gia Jordan gravitated to porn like a June bug to a porch light. But once the over-the-top performer had her fill of fucking in front of the camera, she grabbed one—with astonishing results. M. Allen Nathan traces Gia's journey from young piece of ass to ace skin-biz photographer.

HUSTLER'S GUIDE TO WOMEN-IN-PRISON MOVIES

Join cinema historian Anthony Petkovich as he rolls back the clock for a refresher course on one of cinema's most insanely popular subgenres. Strictly low-budget and always high-octane, women-in-prison flicks were rife with nudity, cock-starved femmes in heat and a steady diet of rape, riot and revenge. No wonder exploitation gems like *Women in Cages*, *The Big Doll House* and *Reform School Girls* will never fade away.

ARIZONA'S IMMIGRATION LAW: ANOTHER GOP DIRTY TRICK?



Here's another story the mainstream media has ass-backward: Arizona's Stalinist ID law isn't a crime-fighting tool. Investigative reporter Greg Palast builds a convincing case that Republicans are intent on preventing Mexican-American citizens from voting in the Grand Canyon State.

ANIMATED BONDAGE ART

Leave it to Ernest Greene, executive editor of HUSTLER'S TABOO, to deliver the lowdown on a sordid animated series. Created by CGI wizard Wayne Wine, *Slave Sisters* takes viewers to a brave lewd world where nothing is real and everything is permitted. See for yourself in an unbridled sneak peek.

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